

THE
Manchester Quarterly:

A JOURNAL
OF
LITERATURE AND ART.

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No. XIII.

JANUARY, 1885.

THE

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PUBLISHED FOR

The Manchester Literary Club

BY

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, MANCHESTER.

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JANUARY, 1885.

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1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the art, literature, and history of the County.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

The methods by which these objects are sought to be attained are:—

1. The holding of weekly meetings, from October to April, for social intercourse, and for the hearing and discussion of papers relating to the various sections of Literature and Art.
2. The publication of such papers, at length or abridged; and of other works undertaken at the instance of the Club.

Membership of the Club is limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musical composers, members of the learned professions, university graduates, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

GEORGE EVANS, *Hon. Secretary,*

Mauldeth Road West, Fallowfield.

The following, amongst other subjects, will be brought before the Meetings, which are held at the Grand Hotel, Aytoun Street, Manchester:—

- Jan.* 5.—Mr. R. HOOKE:—"Hebrew Poets." (Paper.)
" 12.—Mr. J. E. BAILEY:—"Richard de Bury and his 'Philobiblon.'" (Paper.)
" 19.—Mr. H. NUTTER:—"Evolution." (Paper.)
" 26.—Mr. A. NICHOLSON:—"Notes on our Visit to Knowsley." (Short Communication.)
Mr. W. ROBINSON:—"Reminiscences of a Trip to the Riviera." With Illustrations. (Paper.)
Feb. 2.—Musical Night.
" 9.—Mr. J. G. MANDLEY:—"Peter Pindar and the 'Best of Kings.'" (Paper.)
" 16.—Mr. R. BAGOT:—"Comic Draughtsmen." (Short Communication.)
Mr. E. B. HINDLE:—"Fragments d'un Journal Intime."—Henri Frederic Amiel. (Paper.)
" 23.—Rev. W. A. O'CONNOR:—"Recollections of Italian Cities." (Paper.)
" 24 (Tuesday).—Joint Conversazione of the Manchester Academy of Fine Art and the Manchester Literary Club.
Mar. 2.—Mr. C. E. TYRER:—"The Genius of Coleridge." (Paper.)
" 9.—Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK:—"The Review Club, a precursor of the Manchester Literary Club." (Short Communication.)
Mr. JOHN JACKSON:—"A Story about the West Bay." (Paper.)
" 16.—Mr. H. GARNON:—"Brinckmann's Voss un Swinegel." (Short Communication.)
" Mr. J. ANGELL:—"On Genius, Wit, Humour, and Imagination."
" 23.—Annual Meeting.
" 30.—Conversazione.

N.B.—As no date could be conveniently left open as a special Review Night, the Members are invited to give reviews of books as Short Communications from time to time during the Session.

NOTE.—On Sunday, March 22nd, the Rev. W. A. O'Connor will preach a Sermon to the Members of the Club at his Church, St. Simon and St. Jude's, Granby Row. Morning Service at 10.30.

The Minutes will be read at Seven o'clock. From Seven to Eight o'clock will be occupied by the reception of Short Communications and Notes, and by General Conversation. At Eight o'clock prompt the paper or other business of the evening, as set down in the syllabus, will be proceeded with.

Each Member may introduce a friend to the Meetings, whose name must be communicated to the President or Honorary Secretary, and entered in the Visitors' Book.

Publications

OF THE

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With Illustrations by Walter Tomlinson, George Sheffield, F. J. Shields, and R. Bagot.

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"Father Christmas."

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As an intellectual centre Manchester has always been distinguished; its local bibliography is of surprising range and extent, and much of what is best and brightest in its insight, its criticisms, and its speculation find an utterance in the papers read and the discussions held at the meetings of its Literary Club.—*Spectator*.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB. Session 1873-4. (*Out of print.*) 1874.

THE DIALECT AND ARCHAISMS OF LANCASHIRE. By J. H. NODAL. (*Out of print.*) 1873.

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F to Z.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The First Part of this Glossary was published in 1875. The Authors regret the delay in the issue of the present section, which, however, has for various reasons been unavoidable.

The Third and concluding Part will contain introductory chapters on the Literature, Grammar, and Pronunciation of the Dialect. There will also be an Appendix of omitted words, towards which contributions will be welcome.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

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LANCASHIRE AUTHORS. A List, with Brief Biographical and Bibliographical Notes. Edited by CHARLES WILLIAM SUTTON.

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The rigid accuracy which has been attempted will be very serviceable. We congratulate Mr. Sutton on the successful issue of his enterprise.—*Manchester Guardian*.This excellent manual. It will save the librarian and the student an incalculable amount of research among out-of-the-way and little known authorities and documents, to say nothing of the fresh information, chiefly about living writers, which is here published for the first time. We congratulate Mr. Sutton and his colleagues of the Manchester Literary Club upon the successful and thoroughly-satisfactory accomplishment of an arduous undertaking.—*Manchester City News*.

JOHN RUSKIN: A Bibliographical Biography. By W. E. A.

AXON. Second Edition.

Price 6d. 1881.

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ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER;
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EDWIN WAUGH,

From a Photograph by Warwick Brookes.



STORIES "LEFT HALF TOLD."

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

THERE have been a good many stories written and unwritten that have never got themselves quite told ; and a man sitting down reflectively to consider a subject of this kind will perhaps, like the present writer, have his mind carried back to some early literary effort of his own—some bud of promise that never blossomed to a perfect flower. What was that story we commenced to write in the years long gone, and which was to astonish the world with its marvellous incidents? The very name of it is forgotten, and try as we will we cannot recall it. But it was in the days when Fenimore Cooper exercised a magician's power and *The Last of the Mohicans* was one of the most entrancing of books. It was to be a story about Indians, the war path was to be trod, the tomahawk and scalping-knife used freely, and the characters were to be cast in the heroic moulds of Uncas, Hawkeye, and Leatherstocking. How many chapters were written it is impossible to tell now, but it was never finished, it was a story left half told ; irrecoverable, too, now as one of the lost books of Livy, and the heedless world has gone on its way in blissful ignorance of its loss. And how much besides has gone with such stories, gone beyond recall—the glamour and romance of youth—

THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY. NO. XIII. — JANUARY, 1885.

The radiance which was once so bright
Is now for ever taken from the sight,

and it is as ineffectual an effort to try to bring back that dead youth of yours and mine, with their half-achieved efforts, as "to call up him that left half told the story of Cambuscan bold."

Half-told stories leave a regretful sense of loss; but recalling the literature of your youth, and the tales that charmed you then, you will remember thankfully that it was to a story left half told that you owe some of your richest delights. If the grand-vizier's daughter had finished her story to the Sultan on that memorable first effort of hers, what would have been the result? Swish would have come down the scimitar upon her devoted neck, or, to speak more by the book, the bowstring or other instrument of strangulation would have been applied to her delicate throat, and where would have been the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*? But, as we know, that cunning story-teller knew the power of a tale left half told to arouse curiosity. It was a daring experiment, but it was successful. At daybreak she was to be led forth to the executioner, but "an hour before day, Dinarzade being awake failed not to do as her sister ordered her. 'My dear sister,' cries she, 'if you be not asleep, I pray, until daybreak, which will be in a very little time, that you will tell me one of those pleasant stories you have read; alas! this may, perhaps, be the last time that ever I shall have the satisfaction.' Scheherazade, instead of answering her sister, addressed herself to the Sultan thus: 'Sir, would your majesty be pleased to allow me to give my sister this satisfaction?' 'With all my heart,' answers the Sultan. Then Scheherazade bid her sister listen, and afterwards, addressing the Sultan, began her story." How wily is the trick which causes the narrative to come to a stop as the scimitar is lifted over the head of the merchant ready to

smite. It was daybreak, and the Sultan had to say his prayers and could hear no more just then. "Lord, sister," says Dinarzade, "what a wonderful story is this!" "The remainder of it," says Scheherazade, "is more surprising, and you will be of my mind if the Sultan will let me live this day and permit me to tell it you next night." The Sultan, who had listened with pleasure, says to himself: "I will stay till to-morrow, for I can at any time put her to death when she has made an end of the story." So having resolved not to take away Scheherazade's life that day, he rose and went to his prayers. The sequel we know—how she beguiled the Sultan from his murderous purposes, and, like Lady Godiva,

Built herself an everlasting name.

It was a story of this oriental cast that Chaucer, leaving half told, moved Milton, in his pensive mood, to wish the author back again. He longed to hear once more

The morning star of song, who made
His music heard below;
Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Prelude those melodious bursts, that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

The student, too, who sits among his books, and contemplates the fragmentary and unfinished work that lies before him, if he had power to call up from the vasty deep the great spirits who have sojourned here on earth, and left great tales half told, would, doubtless, begin where Milton did, and make first choice of Chaucer. The poet's invocation, too, would fitly furnish the keynote of his mood. Invoking the "spirit of divinest melancholy," he says:

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulder drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek,
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar King did ride ;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Taking down from the shelf that volume of the *Canterbury Tales*, one can contemplate that story of Chaucer's wrought out as on a piece of ancient tapestry in threads of silk and gold. As Professor Skeat says, Chaucer was a wonderful picture writer, and this "Squire's Tale" is a choice specimen of his power. It is supposed to be "founded on a story of Arabian origin, ennobled, no doubt, by Chaucer in the process of transplantation. Almost all the incidents and circumstances are found scattered in different Arabian tales, though not combined in any one." As it comes out of Chaucer's loom, the figures stand out with prominent distinction, there is stirring incident, and all about it a warm glow of colour. We read how Cambuscan, the noble king, who dwelt at Saray in the land of Tartary, had two sons, Camballo and Algarsife, and a daughter called Canace of beauty most surpassing. How it befel that this Cambuscan, having worn his diadem for twenty years, kept the feast of

his nativity, and in royal vesture clad sat on his dais in his palace high, with all his lords about him, and how after the third course of that great feast, while as he sat

Hearking his minstrels their things play
Before him at his board deliciously,

there appeared in the hall suddenly a knight upon a steed of brass, and in his hand a mirror of glass, and upon his thumb a gold ring, and by his side a naked sword hanging, how he rode up to the high board and with courtly message told that the King of Araby and Ind saluted Cambuscan, and had sent him in honour of the feast this steed of brass that would take its rider whither he chose, on land or in the air, and vanish or come again at his bidding. The mirror and the ring were for Canace, and the mirror had magic powers to show the beholder when any adversity would happen in the king's reign, and disclose to the lady if her lover were false or true. By aid of the ring she could know the mysteries of the grasses and herbs of the field and their healing powers, and hold converse with the fowls of the air. The sword had power to inflict wounds beyond healing, unless the smiter thought fit to stroke the wound again with the flat of it, and then the wound would heal instantly. Marvellous things were to be done no doubt with the steed, the mirror, the ring, and the sword, but it is only of the ring in the hand of Canace, and the use she makes of it, to heal the self-inflicted wounds and restore her recreant lover to the deserted love-sick Falcon, that we have any story. The tapestry is left unwoven, with the threads of it hanging loose, at the point where we are promised adventures, battles, and great marvels. We are told that the work will be gone on with, and that where he left off the poet will again begin. Whether he ever went on with it is doubtful. Milton thought he left it half told. Skeat says there are indications in Howe's *Temple of Glass*,

written in the reign of Henry VII., that there was a continuation in existence, but whether by Chaucer or not there are no means of ascertaining.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, dealing with the subject of lost works, says : " I believe a philosopher would consent to lose any poet to regain an historian ; nor is this unjust, for some future poet may arise to supply the vacant place of a lost poet ; but it is not so with the historian. Fancy may be supplied, but Truth once lost in the annals of mankind leaves a chasm never to be filled." The story of Cambuscan may have been ended by Chaucer and lost, but anyhow in time came Spenser, who seemed to think that some chronicle had existed, for of it in the *Faerie Queene* he says that there were acts that now

be nowhere to be found
As that renowned poet them compiled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be fyled.
But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous monument hath quite defaste
And robbed the world of treasure endless deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare,
O cursed Eld ! the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devoured, and brought to nought by little bits ?

And then in the modest spirit of a true poet, who believes that the mantle of the older one has fallen upon him, he takes up a phase of the story on his own account.

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit !
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steal from thee the meede of thy due merit
That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive.
And being dead in vaine yet many strive
Nor dare I like, but through infusion sweet
Of thine own spirit which doth in me survive
I follow here the footing of thy feet
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Space will not permit me to tell the story in detail as Spenser tells it ; suffice it to say that it is of Canace, and how three brothers—Priamond, Dyamond, and Triamond—fight in the lists with Canace's brother Cambello for the fair lady's hand. Two of the brothers are slain, for the magic ring and sword held by Cambello are omnipotent ; but the fates have ordained that as each brother falls his soul shall enter the next who comes upon the field, and stout Triamond, the last of them, makes a vigorous stand, but would have been overcome had not a healing and pacific power appeared in Cambina, his sister, who enters the lists in a chariot drawn by two lions. At the touch of her magic wand their weapons fall ; she brings Nepenthe too, which is

A drink of sovereign grace
Devised by the gods for to assuage
Hearts grief and bitter gall away to chase,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage,
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish, in the troubled mynd,
Few men but such as sober are and sage
Are by the gods to drink thereof assigned,
But such as drink eternal happiness do find.

The combatants drink from the golden cup,

Of which so soon as they once tasted had
Wonder it is that sudden change to see :
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from fear of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.

The end of it is that

Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he led a long and happie life ;
Cambello took Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were to each other lief,
So all alike did love and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elsewhere.

From Chaucer to Coleridge, from Canace to Christabel, the distance in point of time is great, but the imagination takes that leap and links the two together. These two

beautiful ladies are central figures, and the element of the supernatural enters into both stories. Chaucer's beautiful Canace comes to us with the freshness of the morning about her as she walks in the park with her ladies, while Cambuscan and his lords are sleeping off that feast of his nativity. The vapours are rising from the ground, and through those early morning mists the sun looks ruddy and broad, and the ladies are light-hearted as they listen to the singing of the birds. Altogether, it is, as the poet says, a fair sight. Christabel comes to us in the darkness of the midnight hour and with the hooting of owls, as she steals from the castle while the baron sleeps, there by the old oak tree in the park to pray for the weal of her lover that is far away.

'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock ;
Tu—whit—tu—whoo !
And hark again ! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;
Ever and aye moonshine or shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.
Is the night chilly and dark ?
The night is chilly, but not dark,
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers, but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full,
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray ;
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.
The lovely lady Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate ?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight ;

Dreams that made her moan and leap,
 As on her bed she lay in sleep ;
 And she in the midnight wood will pray
 For the weal of her lover that's far away.

Is it needful to tell afresh that tale of the woes of the holy Christabel, how she stole along in the midnight dark, and under the oak tree in the park knelt down and prayed her maiden prayer; and how a low moan that broke the silence thus revealed to her

A damsel bright
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone ;
 Her neck, her feet, her arms are bare,
 And the jewels disordered in her hair.
 I guess 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly !

We know how this lady fair and fell beguiled the holy Christabel by her false tale, and how this Geraldine was taken by the unsuspecting maiden to her bower in the castle, and how, on the way,

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
 Pass as lightly as you will !
 The brands were flat, the brands were dying
 Amid their own white ashes lying ;
 But when the lady passed, there came
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame,
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
 And nothing else saw she thereby,
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
 O softly tread, said Christabel,
 My father seldom sleepeth well.

Was there ever a more exquisite picture than this stealthy flight of these two ladies through the sleeping house :

Sweet Christabel her feet she bares,
 And they are creeping up the stairs,
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
 And now they pass the Baron's room,
 As still as death, with stifled breath !

And now have reached her chamber door;
 And now doth Geraldine press down
 The rushes of the chamber floor.
 The moon shines dim in the open air,
 And not a moonbeam enters here,
 But they without its light can see
 The chamber carved so curiously,
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,
 All made out of the carver's brain;
 For a lady's chamber meet:
 The lamp, with twofold silver chain,
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.

Then there is that scene in the chamber, where the horror
 that mingles with the beauty of the strange lady is revealed
 to her—that sight to dream of not to tell—and that spell
 cast upon her at the recitation of which Shelley is said to
 have fainted:

She took two paces and a stride,
 And lay down by the maiden's side,
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah well-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:
 In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
 Thou know'st to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow.
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning,
 And found'st a bright lady surpassingly fair:
 And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

How the spell worked, and how on the morrow the beautiful
 witch, with that veiled horror of hers, fascinated the aged
 knight, Sir Leoline, and estranged him from the spell-
 bound, woe-stricken Christabel, may all be read, but the
 sequel of it, in Coleridge's words, nowhere. The poem is
 divided into two parts, which were written with an interval

between them of three years, but not published until sixteen years after. Coleridge tells us it was his own indolence which prevented the completion of it, but he thought he could finish it, and says: "If easy in my mind, I have no doubt of the reawakening power and the kindling imagination." There is a sketch of the sequel, supposed to be Coleridge's own, which Mr. Gillman gives, to the effect that the witch who has declared herself to Sir Leoline as the injured daughter of his old friend, Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine, knowing that Bracy the Bard, who has been sent to him, will find out the imposture, vanishes, but reappears, and with the return of the bard personates the absent lover of Christabel, and against the maiden's instinctive dislike leads her to the altar, but at the critical moment the true lover appears with the ring, which is the sign of his betrothal. The witch disappears, the marriage takes place, explanations follow, and Christabel and Sir Leoline are reconciled. Charles Lamb was right, no doubt, when he advised Coleridge not to finish the story. It is a question whether the poet could have done it if he would. His son, Hartley, certainly thought he could not. Better, perhaps, that it remains as it is—the most exquisitely beautiful fragment in all English literature.

There was a mad wag of a poet, who wrote in *Blackwood* under the name of Morgan Odoherty, or Ensign Odoherty, who hailed from "Archie Cameron's college, Glasgow," and who thought it was a pity that Coleridge had left his work half done and with the mystery of it unexplained. In a letter to the editor of "Old Ebony"—his "sweet editor" as he is pleased to call him—he says: "You must have observed with regret that many of our best poets leave their greatest works in an unfinished state. It is my intention to finish these works for them, for I never could at any period of my life bear to think that anything should be left but half done."

I have accordingly finished Mr. Coleridge's 'Christabel,' and, what was a still more laborious task, Mr. Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' If Lord Byron does not publish *Don Juan* speedily, I will, for I have written him, and he is very restless in my desk. In short, I wish, like the celebrated Macvey Napier, Esq., to become a supplementary genius, and while he undertakes to render complete all the rest of human knowledge, permit me to do the same service to poetry. I have sent you the third part of 'Christabel' by my friend the 'Bagman,' who, so far from being a fool, as one of your critics averred, is, next to our friend D., one of the sharpest blades in Glasgow. You will receive a bale of the 'Excursion' by the waggon very soon." This third part of "Christabel" is a *jeu d'esprit* that I venture to think would not find its way into any magazine of these times. Coleridge, it is said, could hardly have explained the mystery and purpose of "Christabel." Odohertry's explanation is of a kind that need not be repeated here. This, however, is the mad wag's introduction :—

Listen ! ye know that I am mad,
 And ye will listen !—wizard dreams
 Were with me ! all is true that seems !—
 From dreams alone can truth be had—
 In dreams divinest lore is taught,
 For the eye no more distraught,
 Rests most calmly, and the ear,
 Of sound unconscious, may apply
 Its attributes unknown to hear
 The music of philosophy !
 Thus I am wisest in my sleep,
 For thoughts and things, which daylight brings,
 Come to the spirit sad and single,
 But verse and prose and joys and woes
 Inextricably mingle,
 When the hushed frame is silent in repose !

And this is a sample of his inspired verse :—

Tempest or calm, moonshine or shower,
 The castle clock still tolls the hour,

And the cock awakens and echoes the sound,
 And is answered by the owls around ;
 And at every measured tone
 You may hear the old baron grunt and groan ;
 'Tis a thing of wonder, and fright and fear,
 The mastiff-bitch's moans to hear—
 And the aged cow in her stall that stands
 And is milked each morning by female hands
 (That the baron's breakfast of milk and bread
 May be brought betimes to the old man's bed,
 Who often gives, while he is dressing,
 His Christabel a father's blessing).
 That aged cow, as each stroke sounds slow,
 Answers it with a plaintive low !
 And the baron old, who is ill at rest,
 Curses the favourite cat for a pest—
 For let him pray, or let him weep,
 She mews thro' all the hours of sleep,
 Till morning comes with its pleasant beams,
 And the cat is at rest, and the baron dreams !

Christopher North might well say that this continuation of "Christabel" perplexed the public, but he also adds that it pleased Coleridge. Moreover, Odoherty himself subsequently speaks of the delight which his effort had given, and thanks Coleridge most warmly for the kind and good-tempered way in which he had been pleased to speak of his humble efforts.

Coleridge had an imitator and poet-supplementary of another kind, whose object was avowedly serious, but with a result almost grotesque. This was the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, a book that I do not find on my shelves now, for I am afraid some of us are a little indifferent to that kind of poetry now. The proverbial philosopher, however, thought that the mantle of Coleridge had fallen upon him. We know how modestly Spenser essayed to tread in the footsteps of Chaucer. Mr. Tupper undertook to complete "Christabel," and styled his effort "Geraldine." He acknowledged that it was a dangerous and difficult proceeding. "Christabel" was the work of years ; but so easy was this new task to him that he

tells us it was the pleasant labour of but a very few days. That "Geraldine" is to "Christabel" as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine goes without saying. When Christopher North got hold of it he waxed wroth, and in reviewing it said: "As many people as choose may publish what they call continuations and sequels of 'Christabel,' but not one of them will be suffered to live. If beyond a month any of them is observed struggling to protract its rickety existence it will assuredly be strangled, as we are about to strangle Mr. Tupper's 'Geraldine.'" There is a story to the effect that "Ebn Saad, one of Mahomet's amanuenses, when writing what the prophet dictated, cried out by way of admiration: 'Blessed be God the best creator!' Mahomet approved of the expression, and desired him to write those words down also as part of the inspired passage. The consequence was that Ebn Saad began to think himself as great a prophet as his master, and took upon himself to imitate the *Koran* according to his fancy; but the imitator got himself into trouble, and only escaped with his life by falling on his knees and solemnly swearing he would never again imitate the *Koran*, for which he was sensible God had never created him."

There is another unfinished story of Coleridge's, a beautiful fragment of a creation "rounded with a sleep." He dreamt Kubla Khan, and waking wrote down something less than sixty lines of it. Then that unfortunate "person from Porlock" came in, and the rest of the three hundred lines that were to be, vanished from mortal ken for ever. He hoped to complete this poem too, hoped that the glory and the freshness of the dream would be revived, and that Kubla Khan's stately pleasure dome would be finished. He says "from the still surviving recollections in his mind the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally as it were given to him, but the

to-morrow is yet to come." In the Sybilline leaves, too, is a story of "Three Graves," which is also a fragment, and which Mr. W. Rossetti says may be preferred to all Coleridge's other works in point of living strength and interest, the precious power of "coming home" to the reader. Criticism is hardly within the scope of this paper, but it may be noted that Coleridge thought differently of his work. He tells us that he is doubtful whether the ballad style of it is sufficient to justify any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous. "It is not presented as poetry, and it is in no way connected with the author's judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological." It is a story of the withering effects of a mother's curse. Edward, a young farmer, is in love with Mary, but Mary's mother falls in love with him and asks him to marry her instead of her daughter, and on his refusal curses them both. There is a bosom friend, Ellen, who furthers the union of the couple, and upon whom the curse also falls. The ballad ends abruptly, and has appended to it the significant words: "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." The old sexton tells the tale, and a verse or two will serve to show the style. He says:

To see a man tread over graves
I hold it no good mark;
'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
And bad luck in the dark!

You see that grave! The Lord He gives,
The Lord He takes away:
Oh! 'tis the child of my old age
Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
That was not dug by me,
I'd rather dance upon 'em all
Than tread upon these three!

But there is bathos in the ballad, too, as when the poet tells us how

The gentle Ellen
 Did well-nigh dote on Mary,
 And she went oftener than before,
 And Mary loved her more and more,
 She managed all the dairy.

As the vision of the "noticeable man with large grey eyes" fades from the mental sight, there comes instead the form of Adonais, "the pard like spirit beautiful and swift," who left half told the story of Hyperion, that fragment which has in it "the large utterance of the early gods," and which Byron said, "seemed actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus." It breaks off abruptly with an unfinished line, and the last word which commences that line is the fitting one "Celestial." Following that, the printer has filled in a series of suggestive stars, and the fanciful reader looking upon them may see some dim resemblance between the poet and the hero of this high strain. The voice of Cœlus from among the gods has said

I am but a voice,
 My life is but the life of winds and tides,
 No more than winds and tides, can I avail.

And then,

Ere half this region-whisper had come down
 Hyperion arose, and on the stars
 Lifted his curvèd lids, and kept them wide
 Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide:
 And still they were the same bright, patient stars,
 Then with a slow incline of his broad breast
 Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
 Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
 And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

For the prosaic reason of the breaking off of this Olympian story we must turn to a letter of Keats to his friend Reynolds. He says, "I have given up 'Hyperion'—there are too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful or rather artist's humour. I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be

kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from 'Hyperion,' and put a mark to the false beauty proceeding from art, and one to the true voice of feeling. Upon my soul 'twas imagination ; I cannot make the distinction—every now and then there is a Miltonic intonation, but I cannot make the division properly." Keats in his unfinished work is more fortunate than Coleridge. No one has attempted to complete "Hyperion."

Of those whom the gods have loved, Keats and Kirke White seem to me to stand together. Kirke White was a boy almost as marvellous as Chatterton. Nearly all his poetry was written before he was nineteen. He has left many fragments, and there is one of "An Eccentric Drama," written at a very early age, which is peculiarly striking. It opens with a wild and original song, called the "Dance of the Consumptives," of which this is a stanza :

Ding dong ! ding dong !
Merry, merry go the bells.
Ding dong, ding dong !
Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
"Swinging slow with sullen roar."
Dance, dance away, the jocund roundelay !
Ding dong, ding dong calls us away.

There is in it, too, a passage which has an echo of Keats in it, though it was written when Keats was a child, and contains a presentiment of the poet's fate :

With what a silent and dejected pace
Dost thou wan Moon ! upon thy way advance
In the blue welkin's vault !—Pale wanderer !
Hast thou, too, felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course ?
Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy forsook
Thy widowed breast,—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillowed thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtained round
With its thick fringe thy couch ? Wan traveller,

How like thy fate to mine? Yet I have still
 One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st.
 My woes will soon be buried in the grave
 Of kind forgetfulness—my journey here,
 Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
 Is yet but short, and soon my weary feet
 Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.

Like "Hyperion," this fragment of a drama ends with an unfinished sentence, and the last line runs thus: *

Yet hist, I hear a step.—In this dark wood—

That out of Gray's "Elegy" anything humorous should be developed is what one would scarcely look for, though Hood has turned to mirth the fate of the early riser therein drawn. Out of it, however, there sprang "A Long Story" of an unfinished kind, which is a little curious. When the "Elegy" was in manuscript, it was handed round, and fell into the hands of Lady Cobham, who dwelt at Stoke Pogis. She admired it so much that she was determined to introduce herself to the poet, and, taking two ladies with her, called upon him. He was out, but a card was left with a playful message on it. Gray was so struck by the romantic incident, which by the way was the prelude to a little bit of romance in his life, that he composed a series of fantastic verses on the event. There is a description of Lady Cobham's house and its history, and after it has gone on for a few verses, the poet exclaims:

What! in the very first beginning!
 Shame of the versifying tribe;
 Your history whither are you spinning!
 Can you do nothing but describe?

Then he goes on to tell how the amazons issued out of the house in search of a wicked imp they call a poet:

The heroines undertook the task
 Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
 Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
 But bounce into the parlour entered,

The trembling family, they daunt,
 They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
 Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
 And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle :
 Each hole and cupboard they explore,
 Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
 Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
 And o'er the bed and tester clamber,
 Into the drawers and china pry,
 Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !
 Under a teacup he might lie,
 Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

And so on in the like strain until the poet comes to a point in which he inserts this line—

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

and winds up with—

And so God save our noble king,
 And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
 That to eternity would sing,
 And keep my lady from her rubbers.

Two sequels to the Long Story were written at equal, if not greater, length—one by John Penn, Esq., and the other by the Laureate Pye, which you may read, if they are worth it, in Hakewill's *History of Windsor*.

Coming down to more recent times and to songs more heroic, what schoolboy familiar with the *Lays of Ancient Rome* and with "Ivry" has not regretted that Macaulay left the story of "The Armada" half told? After following the fiery warning in its course round the island, and reading how

Belvoir's lonely terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle—

one is inclined to look somewhat impatiently at the printer's "patient stars," which tell us that as far as Macaulay is concerned we shall hear no more of the story.

I have glanced thus briefly and in a most gossiping fashion at a few of the unfinished songs which the poets have left,

and it remains to deal as briefly and lightly with some of the half-told stories of the prose writers. Here, again, the student, sitting in his library and looking round upon his books, will have his mind filled with a feeling of pensive sadness when he remembers how often in the theatre of human action the curtain has come down suddenly upon the unfinished drama, and someone has stepped forward to tell the audience that the chief actor is dead. There is nothing for it then but to turn down the lights and let the audience make its way out of the darkened theatre, wondering as it goes what the end of the play would have been. The story in such cases is not always a novel or a fairy tale. You remember in *Middlemarch* there is a description of a student who had a story to tell, which he called "The Key to all the Mythologies," and which he died leaving uncompleted. Poor Casaubon's case is not an isolated one. There have been a good many stories of that kind which have never been finished. Casaubon's was an imaginative case; but is there not Buckle's *History of Civilization* before us as a striking specimen—a fragment of a grand idea? You may read in the author's words how he felt as he surveyed the field of knowledge spread out before him and longed for life to explore it to its furthest limits. There is something sad in the foreboding words in which he tells us that though a man toil and strive, "the noontide of his life shall pass by, and the evening of his days overtake him, and he himself have to quit the scene, leaving that unfinished which he had vainly hoped to complete." He says, too: "Little did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at fleeting forms which melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do I now find but too surely how small a part I shall complete." Two volumes only of that work got themselves presented to the world. There were to be at least nine more, and each

was to be the work of two years. Anthony Trollope tells us in his *Autobiography* that his father had commenced a work—an *Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica* as he called it—on which he laboured to the moment of his death. "It was his ambition to describe all ecclesiastical terms, including the denominations of every fraternity of monks and every convent of nuns, with their orders and sub-divisions. Under crushing disadvantages, with few or no books of reference, with immediate access to no library, he worked at his most ungrateful task with unflagging industry. When he died, three numbers out of eight had been published by subscription, and are now, I fear, unknown, and buried in the midst of that pile of literature the building up of which has broken so many hearts." Anthony Trollope had himself a dread of leaving unfinished work; but his son tells us that at the time of his death he had written four-fifths of an Irish story called *The Land Leaguers*. "This book was a source of anxiety to him. He could not rid his mind of the fact that he had a story already in course of publication, but which he had not yet completed. In no other case except *Framley Parsonage* did he publish even the first number of any novel before he had fully completed the whole tale."

But I am travelling a little too fast in these records of unfinished work, and must go back to Gray's time and to a contemporary of his who left more than one uncompleted story. *The Sentimental Journey* is a half-told tale, and *Tristram Shandy* was to have been continued had Parson Yorick lived. When Sterne was approaching the completion of the ninth volume of *Tristram Shandy*, he says: "I shall publish late in this year; and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finished I shall continue *Tristram* with fresh spirit." *The Sentimental Journey* was the new work meant, and he retired to Coxwold to write it. He had been in bad health, and had travelled in

painful and slow stages to his Yorkshire home, but when he got there his health improved. He says, writing to a friend : " I am as happy as a prince at Coxwold, and wish you could see in how princely a manner I live. In a land of plenty I sit down alone to dinner—fish and wild-fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley under Hambleton Hills can produce, with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard, and not a parishioner catches a hare, a rabbit, or a trout but he brings it as an offering to me." I went the other day to look at that quaint old Shandy Hall, the white parsonage house standing by the road side beyond the village, with the trees shading it, and the rich wooded valley below backed up by the dark Hambleton Hills. There was a young lady seated on a camp stool in the field opposite, sketching the place. As I stood looking at it, I fell into conversation with another pilgrim to that shrine of sentiment, who asked me to look at the half-finished sketch which his daughter was making. It was odd to find that my newly-made acquaintance bore the name of Quincey, and was a relative of the English Opium Eater whose *Confessions*, it has always seemed to me, were no more than a half-told tale. I went into the house and looked at the room where Sterne possibly took his solitary dinner, and at the lesser room close by where he is said to have written *The Sentimental Journey*. I peeped into the spacious kitchen where his dinner was cooked, with its wide, recessed fireplace whose chimney forms a buttress-like projection of the outer gable, and I saw the staircase up which Parson Yorick went to bed.

The earliest purchased book in my library is a little brown volume bound in calf skin, a ragged veteran of a dwarf size that you could put in your pocket. The paper is poor and

faded and the printing quaint. I picked it up on an old bookstall when I was a lad, and it has formed as it were the nucleus of my library. It is a copy of the *Sentimental Journey*, and though it is not illustrated, the long pale Shandean face of the author has peeped out at me from its pages many a time. I have been with him in his journeys, and have smiled at his eccentric gallantries, his graceful wit, and his affected sentiment, but I cannot say that I have altogether liked him, or that he is among my favourite humorists. He is unique in his way, however, and no one can properly affect to despise him altogether. I thought of the author the first time I went to Paris, for wandering about some of the older streets of the city, I came upon a copy of his book on an old bookstall there. One could imagine him driving into the city, with his postilion's whip going crack! crack! "So this is Paris, quoth I; and this is Paris! humph, Paris! cried I, repeating the name a third time. The first, the finest, the most brilliant! The streets, however, are nasty. But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells, crack, crack, crack—what a fuss thou makest, as if it concerned the good people to be informed that a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o'clock at night, by a postilion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco! Crack, crack, crack, I wish thy whip—But 'tis the spirit of thy nation, so crack—crack on."

There is in the *Sentimental Journey* a half-told story of a Shandean type which Sterne calls "The Fragment." He says, "La Fleur had left me something to amuse myself with for the day, more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine. He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt

the currant leaf and his hand. As that plate was sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was. . . . When I had finished the butter I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper—but, stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third—I thought it better worth, so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it. It was in the old French of Rabelais' time, and for aught I know might have been wrote by him. It was, moreover, in Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone off by damp and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make anything of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again and embroiled my patience with it afresh—and then to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza. Still it kept hold of me, and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire. I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy I at it again, and after two or three hours poring over it I thought I made sense of it." And then he goes on to describe his Rabelais story, and finds it contains another story which commences where his fragment of paper breaks off. "'And where is the rest of it, La Fleur?' said I, as he just then entered the room. When La Fleur came close up to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me that there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapped round the stalks of a bouquet to keep it together, which he had presented to the demoiselle upon the boulevards. 'Then prithee, La Fleur,' said I, 'step back to her at the Count de B's hotel and see if thou canst get it.' 'There is no doubt,' said La Fleur, and away he flew. In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment.

Juste Ciel! in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her—his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young sempstress—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it. Our misfortunes were involved together. I gave a sigh, and La Fleur echoed it back to my ear. 'How perfidious!' cried La Fleur. 'How unlucky!' said I. 'I should not have been mortified, monsieur,' quoth La Fleur, 'if she had lost it.' 'Nor I, La Fleur,' said I, 'had I found it.'"

We know how Sterne left his Yorkshire home to die miserably in lodgings in Bond Street, and we know how the *Sentimental Journey* ends. Thackeray said the last words poor Yorick penned were bad and wicked, and he for one, I take it, would not have called up the author to finish his story. My little volume is curious, because it contains a continuation of the journey not to be met with in the ordinary editions. His friend Eugenius, who claimed to have access to materials which Sterne had left and knew the sequel, undertook to finish it, but the imitation is poorly done, and Yorick was dead to all intents and purposes when he penned his last recorded lines. Sterne has had many imitators of his style. I imagine Lord Lytton was strongly under the influence of it when he wrote *The Caxtons*, and the recollection of that impression reminds me that Lytton himself left several half-told tales. There is the romance of *Lionel Hastings* (a fragment), a sort of autobiographical sketch of a phase of his own life; and there is also the unfinished novel of *Greville*, with the outlines of the uncompleted chapters, which the author abandoned because he thought it followed too much the line of *Pelham*, but upon these I have not space to dwell. But with this connecting link of Lytton we are brought down to more recent times, and are reminded how the author of *Twice Told Tales*,

The Scarlet Letter, and *The House of Seven Gables*, died, and left two tales half told. We put Nathaniel Hawthorne upon the same shelf and side by side with Washington Irving, and do not quarrel about their respective merits, though some of us may very much prefer Geoffrey Crayon. They have each charms of their own, and Hawthorne is unique in his way. It is difficult to describe the peculiar influence of his genius—the rich fantastic imagination, the tender, delicate susceptibility, the subtle power of dealing with psychological phenomena, and the blending of the natural and the supernatural. In his charming description, his susceptibility to the influence of nature, his power of depicting character, he is distinctly on the earth, but he is also never far away from the border-land of the mysterious. In *Septimius Felton*, or *the Elixir of Life*, one of the unfinished stories, there is a good deal of weirdness of the Faust kind. It is the old story of a studious recluse, who is trying to discover the secret of prolonging his life indefinitely, and the mysterious properties of herbs are dealt with, and especially of a flower that grows out of the grave of one who has met with a violent death. The story is in a sense roughly complete in its original draft, but there are paragraphs interpolated with suggestions for amplifying it. It is interesting to us because Hawthorne blends the old world life with the new in it, and locally interesting because it has its root in the legend of The Bloody Footstep which is associated with Smithells Hall, near Bolton. He tells us that on the threshold of one of the doors of that hall there is a bloody footstep imprinted on the doorstep, ruddy as if the bloody foot had just trodden there, and it is averred that on a certain night of the year, and at a certain hour of the night, if you go to look at that doorstep, you will see the mark wet with fresh blood. And the legend goes on to tell of a tenant who lived there, and devoted himself to the

study of how he should prolong his life indefinitely, and how he came to believe that he must kill some innocent being for every thirty years he chose to live, and the heart's blood of the victim was to be one of the ingredients of the required elixir. He takes the life of a beautiful kinswoman, and buries her in the wood close by, but his right foot gets bedabbled with the blood of the fair girl, and so wherever he goes afterwards he leaves the track of it. Horror stricken, he flies from the hall, but wherever he went Sir Forrester left in the world a bloody track behind him. "When he went to church you would see the track up the broad aisle, and a little red puddle in the place where he sat and knelt. Once he went to the king's court, and there being a track up to the very throne, the king frowned upon him, so that he never came there any more." There was no remedy for it. He went about the world a horror-stricken man, always looking behind him. The bloody track was left in college rooms, in the street, in the wilderness, yea "in the battle field they say his track looked freshest and reddest of all." At last he came back home, and going to the grave in the wood, found a beautiful crimson flower growing on it, the most gorgeous and lovely that ever grew, and this he found was essential for the perfection of his elixir. He made the drink, and drank it, and became immortal. He vanished eventually, but not by death. "From generation to generation they say that a bloody track is seen around that house, and sometimes it is tracked up into the chambers so freshly that you see he must have passed a short time before."

The Dolliver Romance is the name of the fragment left unfinished, and in it there is the same dealing with the mysterious virtues of herbs, and the flower that grows on graves turns up again. What was written of it you may read in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it appeared soon after his death. Old Doctor Dolliver is an antique figure, and there is a beau-

tiful little child, Pansie—Queen Pansie, with eyes like the dark petals of a tuft of pansies in the doctor's garden—who is his companion. We read in it how old Doctor Dolliver crammed a great silver watch into his fob, and drew on a patchwork morning gown of an ancient fashion. The original material was said to have been the embroidered front of his own wedding waistcoat and the silken skirt of his wife's bridal attire, which his eldest daughter had taken from the carved chest of drawers after poor Bessie, the beloved of his youth, had been half a century in the grave. Through the course of years, as the garment got ragged, the spinsters of the old man's family "quilted their duty and affection into it in the shape of patches of rose-colour, crimson, blue, violet, and green; and then, as their hopes faded, and their lives kept growing shadier, and their attire took a sombre hue, sober gray, and great fragments of funereal black, until the doctor could revive the memory of most things that had befallen him by looking at his patchwork gown as it hung upon a chair."

There is a beautiful picture of the old man musing in his high-backed chair before the fire in the twilight, with the child Pansie's influence upon his dreams. As he sat there in the flickering firelight there stole over his face "an expression of repose and perfect trust, that made him as beautiful to look at in his high-backed chair as the child Pansie on her pillow. . . . All the night afterwards he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would wake at early dawn with a faint thrilling of the heart-strings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them." Hawthorne broke down with this story utterly, and, writing to his publishers, said: "I hardly know what to say to the public about this abortive romance, though I know what the case will be. I shall never finish it. Yet it is not quite pleasant

for an author to announce himself, or to be announced, as finally broken down as to his literary faculty. I cannot finish it unless a great change comes over me, and if I make too great an effort to do so it will be my death."

I must now pass rapidly to the end, only glancing at the fact that Charlotte Brontë just before her death had commenced a novel called *Emma*, and that Mrs. Gaskell died before she had completed *Wives and Daughters in Cornhill*. Appended to the latter are some editorial remarks which tell us that here the story is broken off and cannot now be finished. "What promised to be the crowning work of a life is a memorial of death. A few days longer and it would have been a triumphal column, crowned with a capital of festal leaves and flowers, now it is another sort of column, one of those sad white pillars which stand broken in the churchyard."

How the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* came to be left half told, and to remain a mystery, which ingenious brains are still trying to unravel, is well known, and need not be dealt with in detail here. Did Jasper murder his nephew, and, if so, how was the crime found out, are questions that have exercised the minds of many readers. Most people take it for granted that a murder was committed, and in the forecast of the story, which Dickens gave to Forster, he deals with a murder and a murderer. There was an ingenious working out of the sequel of the story on this hypothesis in the *Cornhill* not long ago; but an equally ingenious and imaginative critic is trying in the pages of *Knowledge* to prove, by what he calls a half scientific investigation of the story, that Edwin Drood is not dead, though Jasper tried to murder him, and thought he had done so; that though the victim was placed in the tomb among the quicklime, he was released by Durdles, who heard his cries, and that he reappears in the story under the guise of Datchery the

detective. If that is so, either Forster is wrong in his outline or Dickens must have changed his mind. How significant are these efforts to complete the airy fabrics, "all carved out of the carver's brain," which the master builders have left unfinished? Sometimes there are outline sketches and scraps of drawings which show the general design and something of the details. But in Dickens's case there was little or nothing of that kind. When the pen dropped from his grasp the magician's wand was broken as far as we are concerned. The airy nothings to which there should have been given local habitations and names have vanished into the dreamland from whence they came. Cloisterham has been an interesting place to pilgrims since Dickens described it; and I am reminded in this connection how two friends, one a member of this club, went on a pilgrimage there to write about it and illustrate it, and how before the work was finished one of them was taken and the other left, and how the artist who was taken left an unfinished sketch for an unfinished story.

In the last place let me say a word about Thackeray and *Denis Duval*. Though I may not linger upon it here, it is a half-told tale upon which, in my reading, I have dwelt more than upon any other. There is a peculiarly mournful interest about it, because the author always dealt with the mysteries of life and death in a manner more solemn than is usual with humorists. I have read that charming story again and again, for the narrator is always most charming when, as in *Esmond*, he tells the story as of himself. It is all very real that bit of unfinished drama which opens out in a corner of the south coast, with its early scenes laid in the old towns of Rye and Winchelsea. There is the colony of French refugees of the Protestant faith, with the pictures of their social life, the smuggling, the plots and conspiracies, and in the heart of the story there is the sweet idyl of the

loves of Denis and the little Agnes—an idyl complete, however much else may be lost. "And who, pray, was Agnes," he says. "To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her; to win such a prize in life's lottery has been given but to very few. What I have done of any worth has been done trying to deserve her. . . .

Monsieur mon fils (this is to his boy), if ever you marry and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, 'I loved him, when the daisies cover me.'" Once more, of Agnes he writes: "When my ink is run out and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayers shall toll for a certain D.D., you will please, good neighbours, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when his turn shall arrive."

In his continuation of Chaucer's story, Spenser describes the dreadful house of the three fatal sisters who control the lives of men. There in that dark abode in the deep abyss, "far from the view of gods and heaven's bliss," they sit round the direful distaff and spin the threads which are "the lines of life from living knowledge hid." As the thread is spun, there is one who "with cursed knife" cuts the twist in twain, to mark where the end shall be. So, as the poet says, the days of wretched men depend on threads so vain. As with the lives of men, so with their thoughts and the creations of their brains. The fates unseen spin out the threads and sever them as they will. But in neither case, surely, is that the end. In one of his *Roundabout Papers*, Thackeray writing of the last unfinished sketch from Leslie's pencil, and Charlotte Brontë's last unfinished story, speculates upon the possible continuation of the work of the artist's imagination in some other sphere, and asks—

"Is there record kept anywhere of fancies, conceived beautiful unborn? Some day will they assume form in some yet undeveloped light? . . . May there not be some sphere unknown to us where they may have an existence? They say our words once out of our lips go travelling, in *omne ævum*, reverberating for ever and ever. If our words, why not our thoughts? If the Has Been, why not the Might Have Been?"





JOHN FAWCETT: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY JOHN BANNISTER.

WEDNESDAY, the 25th day of June, 1884, was a memorable day, even for musical Manchester. On the afternoon of that day, in our magnificent Town Hall, might have been seen a gathering which years ago could scarcely have been got together from the whole of the county. The *élite* of Manchester and neighbourhood filled the hall, the occasion being the distribution of certificates gained by Manchester candidates in the examinations connected with the Royal Academy of Music. The president of the academy—Sir G. A. Macfarren, one of Britain's honoured musicians, and the finest musical critic in the world—was supported by such an array of professors of music and distinguished amateurs that fifty years ago it would have taken half the kingdom to provide the number. Then we had no cheap music, as it was a prize for the few only, now enjoyed by the many; then the names of Mainzer, Hullah, and Curwen were unknown; then the people were beginning to think the musician was a decent member of society after all, and not the "ne'er-do-weel" fellow they had been taught to believe him; then music was cultivated only to minister to our grosser amusements; but the time was not far distant when all this would be changed; a few years nearer our own time and the men whose names I before mentioned had commenced the great work of popularizing music as an art only, which has grown in power and

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influence that now it is cultivated by prince and peasant—as a showy accomplishment? or for mere amusement? No! as an intellectual pursuit; as a science, to which some of the brightest minds in Christendom have bent their powers to fathom her mysteries, but without avail.

It has been said that the last fifty years have been the age of modern music; be this as it may, many have worked during this period to spread a knowledge of the “divine art,” and amongst these, not the least, is the subject of my paper to-night—John Fawcett.

John Fawcett was born on the 8th of December, 1789—ninety-five years ago—at Wennington, a village twelve miles north-east of Lancaster. Here his father followed the occupation of a shoemaker, to which business subsequently young Fawcett was brought up. In 1794 we find him residing with his parents at Kendal, and showing at this early age a predilection for music. As a scholar at the Church Sunday school he had to attend the Church services; but this was no punishment to him, for it is on record that he listened to the music, particularly the voluntaries, with delight. This fed the musical flame to such a degree that at last it found vent through the holes of an old fife, which he had purchased at about the age of nine years. This did not satisfy the cravings of his youthful soul, for at twelve we find him a member of a singing class, copying the music needed for practice, and making greater progress than his elders, soon learning to sing his music at sight; indeed it was about this time his natural abilities began to develop themselves. It is scarcely necessary to mention here that in those days the diffusion of music was by manuscript music, which was copied or pricked; a printed copy of any piece of music being a rarity, and considered to be too precious for ordinary use. To this use of manuscript music may be attributed the variations of many of our old tunes.

The youth makes another effort to become an instrumentalist; the German flute, then in vogue, being the instrument adopted. Though knowing nothing of musical composition, we find him at fifteen writing tunes to the hymns then in use. The first tune he is said to have written is one called "Wexford," L.M. As before stated he knew nothing of musical composition at this time, so the tune must have been harmonized at a later date. At seventeen, with glowing aspirations, he is appointed choir-master of St. George's Chapel, at a salary of £5 per year; and his choir becomes the best in the neighbourhood. On the expected invasion of England by the first Napoleon, we find our "young musician" enrolled as a volunteer; and after the disbandment of the force he joined the local militia as a bandsman, his instrument being the second clarionet. In the meantime he has made some progress in the study of the "theory of music," which enabled him to write (or compose) more confidently, as well as more correctly. This ability brought him promotion; first he was made a sergeant, then bandmaster. While in this capacity he composed a great variety of music for his band, such as quick-steps, marches, troops, and waltzes.

At twenty he commences life on his own account, by marrying, as he has often said, "one of the best of women," by whom he had several children. At twenty-one he published the whole of his hymn tunes, which had a sale sufficient to cover the cost. At twenty-four he studied Corf's *Thorough Bass Simplified*, after which he was able to compose accurately. At this time he issued his second book of *Hymn Tunes and Other Pieces*, which became extensively popular in various parts of the country. This brought him into public notice, and he had several offers to lead choirs in Manchester, which he declined. In 1815, so well had he trained his choir, a portion of them was chosen to

assist in a three days' musical festival given in the parish church of Kendal, which so satisfied the promoter of it that Mr. Fawcett and his party were engaged to sing at Whitehaven, and the following year at Preston, Mr. Fawcett receiving a handsome present at the latter place.

We have now arrived at the turning point of his life; this was the offer of £20 a year, made by Mr. Roger Holland, of Birch House, if he would teach the choir and band at the Farnworth Wesleyan Sunday School. This offer was accepted and a seven years' engagement made; but, scarcely had he commenced duty, he found out, like many others have done since his time, that he had to contend with meddlers who "did not know a crotchet from a quaver." He removed with his family to Farnworth, and, while teaching his choir and his band, followed his occupation of shoemaker, which prospered to such an extent that he built a house and became an employer. The story goes that he always kept pen, ink, and paper on a small desk beside him to jot down an "idea" or "movement," which afterwards he worked out and filled in the harmony. On the termination of his seven years' engagement he sold his property at Farnworth and went to Bolton, where, in 1825, he erected a large shop and house in Higher Bridge Street. Soon after this, his musical engagements became so numerous, he gave up his business of shoemaker and devoted himself solely to music, which no doubt he found more congenial to his taste, as well as more profitable. For thirty years he is found teaching the piano, harmonium, organ, violin, violoncello, double bass, flute, singing, and composition; for a great portion of this time we find him a successful leader of the choirs at Bridge Street and Mawdsley Street Chapels.

Some time before his death his health declined and his circumstances became reduced. He was not without his trials and anxieties, but amidst them all he pursued his

favourite pursuit until he calmly fell asleep at his residence, Howarth Street, at five o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 26th October, 1867, "in the full assurance of resurrection to eternal life." Mr. Fawcett had a kind and affectionate disposition; yet he had also great firmness of character, almost amounting to obstinacy, notwithstanding which he was held in great respect. The following acrostic was written at the time of his death by Mr. C. S. Fryer, of Bolton:—

F ull learned in music's science, grand, divine,
 A ngelic themes in sacred song he wrought
 W ith talents rare, and earnest soul benign
 C ontributing to holy joy and thought.
 E steemed shall be his name through future years;
 T housands, his gently-flowing strains shall move
 T o gain the bliss of raptured choirs above.

He was buried in the Bolton Cemetery on Thursday, 31st October, his funeral being of a semi-public character. When the coffin was brought out of the house, a large and efficient choir sang Mendelssohn's chorale, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit." After the lesson in the Burial Service, the hymn "While to the grave our friends are borne" was sung to Mr. Fawcett's tune "Retirement," and at the grave the choir rendered, with deep feeling, Mr. Fawcett's anthem or funeral ode, "Spirit, leave thine house of clay," which had been rehearsed under Mr. Fawcett's own direction while living.

Many Manchester gentlemen contributed to a fund organized in Bolton for the purpose of placing a monument over the remains of the deceased. This stands at the head of the grave, which is on the left of the main entrance, a little before reaching the church. It is a neat structure, and consists of a square base of stone, with a rectangular stone shaft above it. The front side of the base is cut in the form of a lyre, upon which is the following inscription:—

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED
 BY A NUMBER OF FRIENDS AND
 ADMIRERS OF HIS PROLIFIC GENIUS
 AS A COMPOSER OF SACRED AND OTHER
 MUSIC; AMONGST WHICH ARE THE
 ORATORIA (*sic*) "PARADISE"—"THE HARP OF ZION"
 AND VERY MANY OTHER BEAUTIFUL COMPOSITIONS.
 HE ALSO WROTE VARIOUS WORKS IN MUSIC
 WHICH ARE MUCH APPRECIATED,—
 HIS LONG LIFE WAS SPENT IN ADVANCING
 THE SPIRIT OF PRAISE. AND ALTHOUGH
 HE BEING DEAD, HIS WORKS WILL LIVE.

This is surmounted by carved stone representing a lyre,
 pan pipes, and a flageolet kind of whistle; also some music.
 On the front side of the shaft is inscribed:—

IN MEMORY OF
 THE LATE
 JOHN FAWCETT, SENR., COMPOSER
 AND TEACHER OF MUSIC, WHO
 DIED 26TH OCTOBER 1867
 AGED 78 YEARS.

Commencing to write music at an early age, I was prepared to find Mr. Fawcett had been no idler. He wrote upwards of two thousand pieces during his lifetime, but I cannot say what proportion of these are secular, as I have not been able to find much of this class of composition. No doubt, as bandmaster, he would write a great many pieces which have been lost. We have a few, however, in *The Juvenile Pianist Companion*, issued by Mr. Fawcett; a most agreeable companion indeed, and admirably adapted "to teach the young idea how to shoot" on the pianoforte. With this work he issued a large printed representation of the keyboard; and I may also mention that Mr. Fawcett overcame one of the difficulties of dealing with the cleffs, in a manner as simple as it is ingenious, by placing the C cleff in the third space, thus enabling tenor or alto singers to read as easily as in the ordinary G cleff. Mr. Fawcett deserves

credit for this idea, which, if adopted, would do away with the legitimate objections to the use of the G clef for male voices, particularly by the "tenor."

One of his pieces in the form of a song I have tried to obtain, but I am sorry to say without success. This song, entitled "Church and Queen," shows the fertility of resource of Mr. Fawcett, it having been set to music and sung at a public meeting within the hour, and became a great favourite. It was spoken of as a grand tune, which soon spread to the various places in the neighbourhood.

It is as a composer of sacred music that Mr. Fawcett has been and will be best known. I have already alluded to the publication of his first and second books of hymn tunes; about the same time he wrote an oratorio—*Promised Land*—which is said to have obtained "a wide-spread reputation," but I do not remember to have met with it. While at Farnworth he published his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth books of *Hymn Tunes and Anthems*, which contained most of his popular anniversary pieces. In subsequent years he issued "Melodia Divina," "The Voice of Harmony," "The Cherub Lute," "Exercises on Time," "The Vocalist Manual," "Lancashire Vocalist," "The Temperance Minstrel," and the "Universal Chorister," in two volumes, containing some hundreds of hymn tunes.

As might be expected in such numerous productions, we find them of varying degrees of merit, but in all the spirit of melody prevails; and music without melody—be it past, present, or future, however scientifically the harmonies are built up—will never live. Mr. Fawcett's airs are melodious, and his harmonies are natural; the one finds a response in all, whether cultured or uncultured; the other gives a firmness, solidity, and satisfactory progressiveness, which our modern, restless, chromatic harmonies, however beautiful, never do.

Some of his settings are very sympathetic ; one instance of this—"The Daughter's Lament," from "The Temperance Harmonist"—will also serve as an illustration of his compositions in the minor mode. Another illustration, of this quality, was written on his seventieth birthday, 1859. On this day he wrote the words—the only words he is ever known to have written—

God of love, while angels bless Thee,
Fill my soul with songs of praise ;
For Thy kind protection o'er me,
While Thou lengthen'st out my days.
Help me still to love and serve Thee,
Give me still a grateful heart ;
And at last, thro' Christ, receive me,
Never, never more to part.

and set them to music which he called "The Birthday Prayer." It is the first two lines of this tune which are carved on his monument in the Bolton Cemetery. These lines and music were presented to Mr. George Nelson, of Bolton, and are very much prized.

My next illustration is one which has never been published, and was composed by Mr. Fawcett on December 18, 1865, in his seventy-seventh year. He wrote this tune, after ruling the music lines, with his own hand on the fly leaf of a manuscript tune book belonging to Mr. Joseph S. Sugden, Market Street, Bolton, one of his old friends, who kindly allowed me to take a copy of it. I consider this a model of a psalm or hymn tune.

Mr. Fawcett's greatest work is the oratorio *Paradise*, published in full score of one hundred and eighty folio pages. Time will not allow an analysis to be given of this work ; but the various numbers—and the same may be said of all his tunes—charm with their simplicity and beauty, the conception approaching the grand, and showing what we might have expected had his taste and abilities been early and liberally cultivated.

RETIREMENT.

8-6.

JOHN FAWCETT, SENR.

Far from the world, O Lord, I

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Retirement'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Far from the world, O Lord, I' are written below the treble staff.

flee, From strife and tumult far;

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'flee, From strife and tumult far;' are written below the treble staff.

From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges

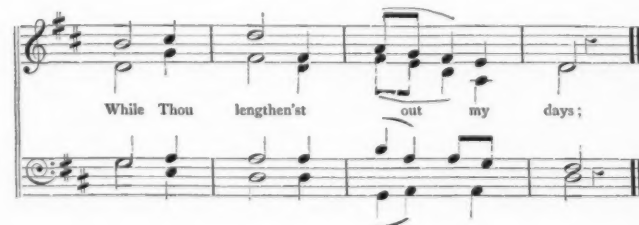
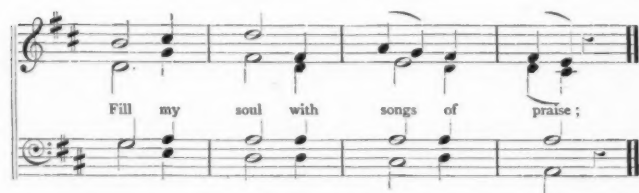
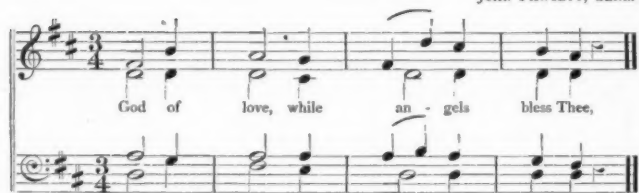
The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges' are written below the treble staff.

still, His too suc - cess - ful war.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody ends with a double bar line in the treble staff, and the accompaniment also ends with a double bar line in the bass staff. The lyrics 'still, His too suc - cess - ful war.' are written below the treble staff.

THE BIRTHDAY PRAYER. 8 lines, 8's and 7's.

JOHN FAWCETT, SENR.



p Help me still to love and serve Thee,

Give me still a grate - ful heart;

mf And at last, thro' Christ, re - ceive me,

cres Ne - ver, ne - ver more to part.

ASSURANCE.

C.M.

JOHN FAWCETT, SENR.

My God, my Father, bliss - ful name,

O may I call Thee mine;

May I with sweet as - - surance claim

A por - - tion so di - - vine.



ALLINGHAM'S "DAY AND NIGHT SONGS."*

BY C. E. TYRER, B.A.

THOSE lovers of poetry who have not yet made the acquaintance of William Allingham may be cordially recommended to possess themselves of the new and very pretty edition of the *Day and Night Songs*, which has been published within the present year. Some of one's old favourites, it is true, are absent; and it is perhaps a pity that the present edition does not more nearly reproduce the very charming one of 1860, to which the late D. G. Rossetti, Millais, and others contributed illustrations. We miss, for instance, "The Fairies," "Lovely Mary Donnelly," "The Maids of Elfen Mere," and other delightful pieces. The present book consists, indeed, of a large selection from the volume referred to, and from the *Fifty Modern Poems* of 1865; and though Allingham has written much other verse, including several long poems, these two books comprise probably nearly the whole of his best work, and to them the following remarks will for the most part be confined.

It certainly seems surprising at first sight, when we consider the quantity of inferior work in verse which attains a certain success, that the poetical merits of Allingham have received such small recognition. For instance, E. C. Stedman, in his *Victorian Poets* (while elaborately discussing the

* *Day and Night Songs*. By Wm. Allingham. London: G. Philip & Son. 1884.

claims of men with no truer a poetical gift), devotes just five lines to Allingham, and does not even mention his finest pieces. In T. Hall Caine's *Sonnets of Three Centuries*, which includes specimens of many writers every way his inferior, there is not a single example of Allingham's sonnet-work, exquisite though it sometimes is. It is perhaps all the more singular that Allingham's verse should be so little appreciated, when we remember that he is not altogether an undistinguished man, apart from his poetical gift. He was for some years the editor of *Fraser*, he was honoured with the friendship of Carlyle, and he married a lady (Miss Helen Paterson, who has, I believe, some connection with Manchester) who has gained distinction as an artist. The truth seems to be that the poetry-reading public cares for something else than what he has to give them. It likes something exciting, or something didactic and instructive; it also likes sentiment, not too much above the level of commonplace; just as the audience in the pit of a theatre often applauds the tritest bit of sentiment more lustily than the finest touch of the actor's art. This may partly serve to explain, not only why such poems as Allingham's are neglected, but why a writer like Mr. Lewis Morris should have succeeded in gaining such a vogue, and should rejoice in rapidly-succeeding editions. One of the very latest announcements is, I see, a Lewis Morris *Birthday Book*; so he, at least, cannot complain of wasting his sweetness on the desert air. While rarely, if ever, showing himself in any high sense a poet, he moralizes not too sternly (improving the beautiful Greek myths in the "Epic of Hades") and is full of graceful appropriate sentiment, and this is largely the secret of his success.

Now, it is only those who love poetry for its own sake who will find anything attractive in the verses of Allingham. They are neither didactic nor sentimental; neither exotic

flowers of passion nor psychological riddles: They are merely simple and genuine outbursts of lyrical feeling; what the poet's mind and heart have perceived and felt he has expressed in sweet spontaneous song. He carries us with him on the wings of fancy to his beloved Ireland and the banks of his beautiful Erne, and calls up before us many a fair or solemn scene of mountain and moorland, of lake and river and sea-shore, of lonely rath and ruined chapel by the sea,

Where day and night and day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

Nor has he less sympathy with the life of the people than with the natural charms of the land. Many of his pieces were suggested by some phase of the peasant life of the warm-hearted Irish race; and the modest *colleen* in particular inspires him ever and anon with a lover's rapture. The fairy superstitions of Donegal have evidently had a great fascination for him, as is shown, for instance, by that charming nursery song, "The Fairies" (which our townswoman, Miss E. Gertrude Thomson, has recently illustrated with an exquisiteness of fancy worthy of the poem). In fact, Allingham, though not a true Celt, seems by birth and residence in one of the most primitive districts of Ireland, acting on an inborn poetic gift, to have acquired much of the Celt's habit of mind, and his peculiarly deep sense of natural beauty. This is especially seen in that touch of poetic melancholy which seems inherent in that race, and as it were an unconscious prophecy of their extinction before the matter-of-fact Saxon; many of Allingham's lyrics breathe the very spirit of sadness. Perhaps we may describe these poems best, in a general way, by calling them voices of nature, or echoes from "the still sad music of humanity," which the poet's fine ear has caught, and the poet's mind and imagination have interpreted for us in musical language.

The truth of the claim which he makes for them, that "they are a genuine poetic result, however small a one, of my experience thus far," does not conflict with what he elsewhere says in rhyme :

A word, a line,
You may say are mine ;
But the best in the songs,
Whatever it be,
To you, and to me,
And to no one belongs.

Such poems are difficult to classify ; and I may say, in passing, that the apportionment of them to the various seasons of the year to which their matter or manner is considered appropriate (which is the plan adopted in the new edition), does not produce a very satisfactory result. A division into poems of nature and poems of humanity might suggest itself ; but, on account of the way in which the two things are usually blended and intertwined, it could not be thoroughly carried out. Indeed, with Allingham, when man or woman is the subject of his verse, illustrations from external nature are so frequently called in to his aid that we are never allowed to forget the background in the figures ; while, on the other hand, the aspects of nature seem to be but symbols or mirrors of the moods of his own mind. If we regard the form, we may say that while usually lyrical in the stricter sense, it sometimes inclines to that of the ballad. There are indeed a few genuine ballads, chiefly of peasant life, of which "Lovely Mary Donnelly" is perhaps the finest. A verse from this will illustrate what has just been said of the poet's use of natural images :

Her eyes, like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are ! and they give me many a shock ;
Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a show'r,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its pow'r.

Other fine ones are "Kate of Ballyshanny," "Homeward Bound," and "Nanny's Sailor Lad." Quite different in tone,

and with more affinity to the ballad-writings of Rossetti and W. Morris, is "The Maids of Elfen-Mere;" this has a refrain with an exquisitely-musical cadence. There are also several nursery songs, none the less charming for their simplicity; of these "The Fairies," "Wishing," and "Robin Redbreast" are delightful examples. Allingham, indeed, appears to have a deep sympathy with child-life, and, except Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman," no poem, perhaps, of recent years gives us a more exquisite peep than does the first of these into those enchanted regions where imaginative children love to expatiate. With these light and graceful productions we may name such pieces as "The Milkmaid" and "The Lover and Birds," which seem to show traces of the study of our older poetry in their simplicity and pastoral matter and manner. The little piece called "Evey" portrays with much charm the transition from girlhood to womanhood; the following verse seems to me an exquisite one:—

Shadows, which are not of sadness,
Touch her eyes, and brow above.
As a wild rose dreams of redness,
Dreams her innocent heart of love.

Allingham has occasionally essayed dialogue in blank verse, and in "Old Master Grunsey and Goodman Dodd," which gives the impression Shakspeare, returned to settle in Stratford, may be supposed to have made on his unimaginative fellow-townsmen, and "News from Pannonia," a discourse of two noble Romans on the life and death of Marcus Aurelius, he certainly shows himself to possess some dramatic power. Also, like most of his contemporaries, he shows a partiality for the sonnet form, and, among others, "On the Sunny Shore" and the "Autumnal Sonnet" are exquisite examples of this form of verse.

But it is in his lyrics, more strictly so called, that Allingham shows the true bent of his genius. His special power con-

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sists, we may say, in interpreting the harmonies which exist between the worlds of nature and of man—those moods which are called up by influences from external things, which, like wind through an Æolian harp, sweep over the spirit of man and render it for a time passive. He possesses much of that “natural magic” which (according to Mr. Arnold) is a special note of Celtic poetry, and which is usually accompanied by a deep and tender melancholy, while the music too of some of his strains seems to reproduce the melodies of nature herself. The melancholy which this verse reveals was, we may suppose, partly inspired by the solitude of the poet’s romantic environment on the west coast of Ireland, by the weird poetry of Irish song and superstition, by sombre sunsets sinking into the wide Atlantic billows at his feet. It is what one may call the natural melancholy which arises at the thought of the shortness, the sadness, the disappointments, of life; not at all that of the modern pessimist. As an instance of what I have called his “natural magic,” take these lines from some verses entitled “Wayconnell Tower” (suggested, however, by Conway Castle, in Wales):

Aloft within the moulder’d tower
 Dark ivy fringed its round of sky,
 Where slowly, in the deepening hour,
 The first faint stars unveil’d on high.

The rustling of the foliage dim,
 The murmur of the cool gray tide,
 With tears that trembled on the brim,
 An echo sad to these I sigh’d.

O Sea, thy ripple’s mournful tune !
 The cloud along the sunset sleeps ;
 The phantom of the golden moon
 Is kindled in thy quivering deeps.

Oh, mournfully !—and I to fill,
 Fix’d in a ruin-window strange,
 Some countless period, watching still
 A moon, a sea, that never change !

The following line from "Angela" gives an exquisite picture of moonrise :—

Slowly, up eastern night, like a pale smoke, mounted the moon-dawn.

From the piece called "Therania," or "Unknown Belov'd One," I will quote one stanza (and it is noticeable, considering the remarkably musical effect of the poem, that of the seven lines of each stanza there are only two that rhyme) :

O Unknown Belov'd One ! to the mellow season
 Branches in the lawn make drooping bow'rs ;
 Vase and plot burn scarlet, gold, and azure ;
 Honeysuckles wind the tall gray turret,
 And pale passion-flow'rs.
 Come thou, come thou to my lonely thought,
 O Unknown Belov'd One.

It is however, I think, in the five or six poems, each called "Æolian Harp," that Allingham shows most his peculiar power of interpreting the weird charm of nature and the fascination of its influence over the thoughtful observer. They recall some lines of Keble, in his beautiful poem for the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, who—speaking of the sounds that haunt mountain solitudes, "the fitful sweep of winds across the steep," the torrent's voice, and the wild-birds' cry—calls them

Sounds that make deep silence in the heart,
 For thought to do her part.

Of these poems of Allingham's, the one beginning "What saith the river to the rushes gray" seems to me not surpassed by any of Tennyson's more pathetic lyrics, not even by that wonderful "Break, break, break," in which we see the germ of *In Memoriam*. Another exquisite piece—"What is it that is gone, we fancied ours"—gives the inmost spirit of sadness called forth by a sombre autumnal evening, when the light of sunset is just dying away. In this poem the rhymes are so curiously intertwined that a careless reader would hardly notice them at all, though he would be con-

scious probably of a certain vague metrical effect unlike that of blank verse. I will conclude with one other poem of the same order, where in the wind which rises after sunset, as in some mournful music or ghostly ballad-burden, the poet hears expressed the whole pathos of human life :

Hear you now a throbbing wind that calls,
Over ridge of cloud and purple flake ?
Sad the sunset's ruin'd palace-walls,
Dim the line of mist along the lake, —
Even as the mist of Memory.
O the summer-nights that used to be !

An evening rises from the dead
Of long-ago (ah me, how long !)
Like a story, like a song,
Told, and sung, and pass'd away.
Love was there, that since hath fled,
Hope, whose locks are turn'd to gray,
Friendship, with a tongue of truth,
And a beating heart of youth,
Wing'd Joy, too, just alighted,
Ever-welcome, uninvited ;
Love and Friendship, Hope and Joy,
With arms about each-other twined,
Merrily watching a crescent moon,
Slung to its gold nail of a star,
Over the fading crimson bar,
Like a hunter's horn : the happy wind
Breathed to itself some twilight tune,
And bliss had no alloy.

Against the colours of the west
Trees were standing tall and black,
The voices of the day at rest,
Night rose around, a solemn flood,
With fleets of worlds : and our delightful mood
Rippled in music to the rock and wood ;
Music with echoes, never to come back.
The touch upon my hand is this alone—
A heavy tear-drop of my own.

Listen to the breeze : " O loitering Time !—
Unresting Time !—O viewless rush of Time !"
Thus it calls and swells and falls,
From Sunset's wasted palace-walls,
And ghostly mists that climb.

COME TO YOUR PORRITCH.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Air: "ONE BUMPER AT PARTING."

COME lads, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive:
We're snug; with a daicent thatch o'er us,
While round us the winter winds blow;
Be thankful for what there's afore us;
There's some that han nothing at o'.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

Sometimes I've a pain i' my stomach
That's common to folk that are poor;
But I've mostly a mouthful o' some'at
That suits mi complaint to a yure:
Come beef, suet-dumplin', or lobscouse,
Come ale, or cowl wayter, I'll sing;
An' a lump o' good cheese an' a jannock,¹
It makes me as proud as a king.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch;
I hope it'll help yo to thrive;
For nob'dy can live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

¹ *Jannock*; a thick unleavened oaten cake, formerly common in rustic Lancashire.

There's mony poor craitors are dainty,
 An' wanten their proven made fine ;
 But if it be good, an' there's plenty,
 I'm never so tickle wi' mine :
 It's aitin' that keeps a man waggin',
 An' hunger that butters his bread ;
 An' when a lad snighs¹ at his baggin',
 It's time for to send him to bed.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch ;
 I hope it'll help yo to thrive ;
 For nob'dy can live as they should do
 Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

Some folk are both greedy an' lither ;²
 They'n guttle,³—but wotch noan at o' ;
 An' their life's just a comfortless swither,⁴
 Bepowlert an' pown⁵ to an' fro ;
 Then, wotch away, lads, till yo're weary ;
 It helps to keep everything reet ;
 Yo'n find the day run very cheery,
 An' sleep like a peg-top at neet.

Chorus.—Then, come, an' sit down to yor porritch ;
 I hope it'll help yo to thrive ;
 For nob'dy can live as they should do
 Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

¹ *Snigh* ; to slight, to despise.

² *Lither* ; lazy.

³ *Guttle* ; to gourmandize.

⁴ *Swither* ; a disturbance, a state of tremulous uncertainty.

⁵ *Bepowlert an' pown* ; jolted about, and beaten.



W. S. GILBERT, PLAYWRIGHT AND HUMORIST.

BY E. B. HINDLE.

SOME few biographical details to begin with. Gilbert was born in London on the 18th November, 1836, like Artemus Ward and various distinguished people "of parents," who shortly afterwards took him with them on a tour of some years' duration in Germany and Italy, and then sent him, when seven years old, to a school in France. From nine to sixteen he was at Great Ealing School, where he took prizes for English, Greek, and Latin verse, became poet laureate of the school, diligently studied and practised drawing, wrote plays, acted in them, and managed and superintended their production, thus clearly enough foreshadowing his future. From this school he proceeded to King's College, intending afterwards to go to Oxford; but in 1855 the Crimean War being in progress and commissions obtainable by competitive examination, having previously taken his B.A. degree at London University, he commenced reading for a commission in the artillery. Before he was able to qualify, however, the war fortunately came to an end, otherwise we might have gained a soldier and have lost one of the most original and delightful writers of the present century. After this, in 1857, he gained an assistant clerkship in the Education Department.

of the Privy Council Office, which he describes as ill organized and ill governed ; and he declares it was the happiest day of his life when he emancipated himself from the detestable thralldom of that baleful office by sending in his resignation after four uncomfortable years of service. During this clerkship he had entered the Temple, and in November, 1864, he was called to the bar. For a year or two he exercised his profession, but, strange to say, he was unable to talk on his legs, and was by no means a success as a barrister. It seems, too, he still loved the military, for in 1868 he became, though he did not long continue, captain of the Aberdeenshire Highlanders—a militia regiment. Why he was so anxious to be a soldier I don't know, except that as a youngster he was noted for his pugnacious disposition, and possibly he has expressed some of his own sentiments in the song "When I first put this uniform on." From the above brief sketch it will be seen that Gilbert must have acquired a considerable knowledge of men and things in a comparatively short time—an experience it is evident he has fully utilized in his literary work.

It is worth mentioning that Gilbert's father, the author of *Inquisitors* and many noteworthy books, did not begin to write till he was sixty and his son had become famous—an instance of literary evolution in the reverse direction that seems peculiarly appropriate; and we might almost imagine Gilbert asking what was the use of his having a father if he couldn't get him to follow his example. As one would expect, the father's works evidence a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and a writer in *The Contemporary* commenting upon *Sir Thomas Branston*, one of his novels, says it is not easy to catch his characteristics, and that he is a story teller *sui generis*, with a very peculiar tendency towards minute analysis of morbid and exceptional mental processes, a professed moralist with a leaning towards hard psychological pheno-

mena, manifesting an almost superhuman knowledge of what is strange and abnormal, his lines of character being traversed constantly by most erratic and unexpected *motifs*, the probability of madness in some form or other lying latent in each one of us being the basis of his studies, which may be described as studies of abnormal phases of the moral life seen under inverted conditions, at the same time exhibiting a vein of poetry, a peculiar insight into human nature, and a curious kind of dry humour. My purpose in making this short reference to Gilbert's father is to show that Gilbert's originality, humour, and unlikeness to anybody else are probably inherited peculiarities, though it is clear that the father is a decidedly more sombre and serious personage than the son, who, to repeat the remark of a writer in *Scribner*, is probably his father's best work.

When my systematic study of Gilbert began, my idea that I knew something of his work had for foundation that I had seen at the Haymarket the original representations of *The Palace of Truth* and *Pygmalion and Galatea*; then *Sweethearts*, so charmingly acted by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, at the Prince of Wales's; after that Kate Santley in *Princess Toto*, at the Strand; then *The Sorcerer*, and every subsequent opera; and I had read the two volumes of collected plays, and had laughed and cried with laughter over the inimitable *Bab Ballads*. But what I have mentioned, though it includes most of his best work, is a long way from being all. I find that he has had about fifty plays actually put upon the stage, and for some ten years was constantly writing and sketching for *Fun*; besides which he has been a frequent contributor to *Cornhill*, *London Society*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *Punch*, and other publications. He has also acted as London correspondent for the *Invalide Russe*, and for two years was dramatic critic for the *Illustrated Times* and the *Observer*. And before he was

twenty-four years of age he had written fifteen plays, all of which were rejected by the theatrical managers to whom they were offered; the fertility of his imagination doubtless being too much for their limited powers, if we may judge from the fact that one of these rejected pieces contained eighteen scenes, three cataracts, and a house on fire. Altogether it is clear that his bright and busy brain has always been actively employed, and that in addition to genius he possesses that without which genius is not of much use, namely, capacity for persistent hard work.

Gilbert's literary history begins about the year 1861, when *Fun* was started under the editorship of H. J. Byron. His description of the origin of his connection with that journal is worth quoting. He says:

With much labour I turned out an article three-quarters of a column long and sent it to the editor, together with a half-page drawing on wood. A day or two later the printer of the paper called upon me, with Mr. Byron's compliments, and staggered me with a request to contribute a column of "copy" and a half-page drawing every week for the term of my natural life. I hardly knew how to meet the offer, for it seemed to me that into that short article I had poured all I knew. I was empty. I had exhausted myself. I didn't know any more. However, the printer encouraged me (with Mr. Byron's compliments), and I said I would try. I did try, and I found to my surprise that there *was* a little left, and enough indeed to enable me to contribute some hundreds of columns to the periodical throughout his editorship and that of his successor, poor Tom Hood.—*Theatre*, April 3, 1883.

I have looked through the volumes of *Fun* during the time Gilbert contributed to its pages for the purpose of tracing his work—an agreeable and amusing quest, but one likely to take up your time in spite of yourself, the early volumes being really fascinating, and, to my thinking, superior to anything of the kind we have now. It must be said that Gilbert's early writing was not more than ordinarily funny, but it was certainly up to the average of comic contributions. Nor were his early sketches anything like so clever as his unique *Bab Ballad* illustrations, though they were more

ambitious, size being considered, with regard to which it may be noted that for some weeks towards the end of 1861 he drew the principal full-page cartoons, the first of which bears the signature "Bab," then used in *Fun* for the first time and dropped again for some years. In November, 1863, he began the Comic Physiognomist Series, afterwards continued under the heading "Men we Meet." These are racily written and the small sketches excellently done. In January, 1864, commenced a savage attack on Louis Napoleon, entitled "The Lie of a Lifetime; or, Random Readings of Traitorous Traits, Past Passages, and Present Prospects of the Modern Augustus: A Serious Serial in Several Sections." The style is turgid, uneasy, pretentious; the lines often limp sadly; and altogether the performance, though intended for poetry, could scarcely be so called, and did not contain much of promise. In the same year appeared a ballad in five parts, "The Baron Klopzetterheim; or, the Beautiful Bertha and the Big Bad Brothers of Bonn." This in general style and with the illustrations did give indication of what was to follow. Next we have an article from "Our Critic among the Pictures," along with caricatures of the Academy pictures, 1864, in the style to which our comic papers have since accustomed us, the idea of which seems to have originated with Gilbert. There are some amusing holiday sketches from Boulogne and Switzerland, and throughout the volumes innumerable skits on the law and the lawyers, theatrical comments, clever burlesque outlines of popular plays, and any amount of genuine fun. On the 11th April, 1868, appeared the original "Trial by Jury," the whole, including the sketches, only occupying one page. Of course this was subsequently elaborated very considerably. Now I come to the *Bab Ballads*, which commenced in 1865, but were not printed under this heading till 1869, though the sketches were so signed. I am sure that no one with a real

sense of humour can take up these ballads, however familiar he may be with them, without discovering fresh cause for being amused and for laughter; and if Gilbert had to rest his fame on this performance alone, it would, I think, be well founded; for in a world where there is so little real fun, he is indeed a benefactor to his species who creates so much as Gilbert has done by these exquisitely absurd and amusing ballads of his. His versatility in verse and ingenuity in rhyme, his novel and unexpected turns and originality of idea, his sly satire and irresistible humour, and his wonderfully appropriate illustrations, render them unique in their way. The verses and sketches often remind one of Hood, sometimes of Ingoldsby or the Bon Gaultier Ballads; but Gilbert is no imitator, and cannot be imitated, and for real, genuine, mirth-producing verse give me Gilbert. It is true they may be generally described as nonsense verses, but "oh, what precious nonsense!" They do, however, contain some of the cleverest satire, though it is oftener incidental rather than the sole purpose. It is also true that they are very unequal, but even the worst is in some way comical. Many of them have not been separately published, and even of those separately published Gilbert has since struck out a number as not being worthy of the rest; but having recently gone through the whole of them, my view is that there is scarcely one without some redeeming feature of quaint and original humour, and it seems to me that the sketches alone ought to justify their continued existence. Of course I cannot go into them all in detail, or make long quotations, but I will endeavour to indicate what I consider to be some of the most characteristic and amusing things in them, and in doing so I shall refer to them in the order of their appearance in print. Among the first is the address to the terrestrial globe, by a miserable wretch who tells the globe never to mind his misery but to roll on, and it rolls on—a humorous

reflection on the indifference of the spheres to those who are unable to help themselves. Next, the amusing love quest of Ferdinando after the author of the cracker mottoes, in which, by means of Ferdinando's inquiry—

"Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close, or Mister Tupper,
Do you write the bon-bon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper?"
But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not had that honour;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so much upon her.
"Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of you inform us;"
But my question seemed to throw them both into a rage enormous.
Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only get anigh to me;
And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following reply to me:
"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit,"—
Which I know was very clever; but I didn't understand it.

Gilbert pokes fun in a sly way at certain writers. Then we have the well-known "Yarn of the Nancy Bell," which, though decidedly clever, I do not consider worthy of the place many people have given it. I am inclined to agree with the editor of *Punch*, to whom it was first offered, and by whom it was declined, that it is "too cannibalistic;" and if that ancient mariner who spun the yarn be still at large, I would, in the light of recent events, advise him to keep his mouth shut, lest he should get into trouble. "Haunted" and "Only a Dancing Girl"—ballads more serious than most—are keen satires on "society." "King Borria Bungalowee Boo" is another cannibalistic lay, redeemed, however, by more humour than "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." "Sir Macklin" is an amusing skit upon sermons under many heads. In "The Rival Curates" we have one of the funniest of the ballads, conveying the moral that people who are extremely mild and good would prefer to be otherwise if they were only made. The first part describes Mr. Clayton Hooper, of Spiffton-extra-Soooper, who didn't think you'd find a milder curate going, till a kind friend arrived and spoke to him as follows:—

"You think your famous name
 For mildness can't be shaken,
 That none can blot your fame—
 But, Hooper, you're mistaken !
 "Your mind is not as blank
 As that of Hopley Porter,
 Who holds a curate's rank
 At Assesmilk-cum-Worter."

The information being enforced by circumstantial detail,
 this extra mild reverend gentleman summoned his sexton
 and his beadle and thus instructed them :—

"To Hopley Porter go,
 Your fare I will afford you—
 Deal him a deadly blow,
 And blessings shall reward you.

"But stay—I do not like
 Undue assassination,
 And so, before you strike,
 Make this communication :

"I'll give him this one chance—
 If he'll more gaily bear him,
 Play croquet, smoke, and dance,
 I willingly will spare him."

They went, those minions true,
 To Assesmilk-cum-Worter,
 And told their errand to
 The Reverend Hopley Porter.

"What?" said that reverend gent,
 "Dance through my hours of leisure?
 Smoke?—bathe myself with scent?—
 Play croquet? Oh, with pleasure !

"Wear all my hair in curl?
 Stand at my door and wink—so—
 At every passing girl?
 My brothers, I should think so.

"For years I've longed for some
 Excuse for this revulsion :
 Now that excuse has come—
 I do it on compulsion !"

And in the result of course—

The deuce there was to pay
 At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

But with the pleasing consequence that the other man fully maintained his reputation. All which is surely most excellent fooling. "The Precocious Baby" is very droll, the moral being a warning to elderly men of the bachelor crew not to marry at all or the step they will rue, for their babes will be elderly-elderly too. Further on we are introduced to "Baines Carew, Gentleman," with regard to whom we are told that—

Of all the good attorneys who
Have placed their names upon the roll,
But few could equal Baines Carew
For tender-heartedness and soul.
Whene'er he heard a tale of woe
From client A. or client B.,
His grief would overcome him so
He'd scarce have strength to take his fee.
It laid him up for many days
When duty led him to distract,
And serving writs, although it pays,
Gave him excruciating pain.
He made out costs, distrained for rent,
Foreclosed and sued with moistened eye;
No bill of costs could represent
The value of such sympathy.

Very likely. "The Three Kings of Chickeraboo" is a satire on the fuss we sometimes make of very insignificant potentes. Next comes our old friend "Captain Reece" commanding of The Mantelpiece, who

. . . was adored by all his men,
For worthy Captain Reece, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

Altogether an intensely humorous satire upon such as are inclined to carry consideration for inferiors to undue limits. "Bob Polter" is directed against intemperate teetotalers. In "Ellen McJones Aberdeen" we have a lamentable but, I fear, an o'er-true tale of the demoralizing influence of bagpipes. "Gentle Alice Brown" is a piece of grotesque absurdity about a robber's daughter, whose father was the

terror of a small Italian town. She fell in love with a custom-house official, and, not feeling easy in her mind, went to her confessor :

"Oh holy father," Alice said, "'t would grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot ?

Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one !"

The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done ?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary, and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck !"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear :
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece ;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece."

Then she tells him there is another crime she hasn't mentioned—namely, having fallen in love as aforesaid :

"For shame !" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter ! on my word
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.

This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so !
They are the most remunerative customers I know ;
For many many years they've kept starvation from my doors :
I never knew so criminal a family as yours !

"The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
Have nothing to confess they're so ridiculously good ;
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul ?"

To prevent which catastrophe he goes and tells her father, who gets the custom-house official chopped particularly small, whereupon—

. . . pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.

The tale of "Mister William" is a capital piece of irony bearing upon exceptional treatment of gentlemen who go wrong. I should like to quote from it, but there is so much to follow that I must refrain. "Emily, John, James, and I"

is an excellent bit of nonsense, the interjectional comment at the end of each verse being supremely comical. The sale of advowsons is the subject of keenest satire in "The Rev. Simon Magus." "Phrenology" is a fine piece of ridicule. Sir Herbert White requests Policeman 32 to arrest a man who has been attempting to garrotte him. The policeman, who once assisted a phrenologist, replies that it is

"Impossible to take him up
This man is honest quite—
Wherever did you rake him up?

"Observe his various bumps,
His head as I uncover it;
His morals lie in lumps
All round about and over it."

"Now take him," said Sir White,
"Or you will soon be rueing it;
Bless me! I must be right,—
I caught the fellow doing it."

Policeman smiles, assures him he's mistaken, and requests him to sit down while he explains. The baronet does so, and the phrenologist, examining the garotter's bumps, observes that

" . . surely, here are signs
Should soften your rigidity.
This gentleman combines
Politeness with Timidity.

"Of Shyness here 's a lump—
A hole for Animosity—
And like my fist his bump
Of Impecuniosity."

And, having proved him quite an angel, he continues—

"There, let him go his ways,
He needs no stern admonishing."
The Bart., in blank amaze,
Exclaimed, "This is astonishing!"

"I *must* have made a mull,
This matter I've been blind in it:
Examine please *my* skull
And tell me what you find in it."

That crusher looked, and said
 With unimpaired urbanity,
 "Sir Herbert, you've a head
 That teems with inhumanity.

"Here's Murder, Envy, Strife
 (Propensity to kill any),
 And Lies as large as life
 And heaps of Social Villany.

"Here's Love of Groundless Charge—
 Here's Malice, too, and Trickery,
 Unusually large
 Your bump of Pocket-Pickery"—

"Stop!" said the Bart., "my cup
 Is full—I'm worse than him in all;
 Policeman, take me up—
 No doubt I am some criminal!"

A beautiful reduction to absurdity of the so-called science of phrenology. "Etiquette," the last of the ballads I shall now refer to, appeared originally in *The Graphic*. It is a delightful bit of satirical writing, and if not the best of the ballads, is certainly one of the best. The piece is familiar to most of us here by Mr. Dawson's admirable rendering of it, so I don't need to give any extracts, even if I had time. And, further, I feel that the extracts I have made don't adequately represent the ballads from which they have been taken, especially as I cannot at the same time give you the wonderful drawings pointing every moral and adorning every tale; indeed, I am conscious that altogether I have put before you but an imperfect sketch of them, for it is a difficult task to give the pith of what is so pithy—to grasp and transfer the peculiar spirit and flavour, part and parcel of them all.

We have now to deal with Gilbert's plays, and as I have nowhere seen a complete list of them, I will here give one which includes the name of each play, the date of its production, and the theatre at which it was originally produced. It runs as follows:—

1. Dulcamara; or, the Little Duck
and the Great Quack ... Dec. 29, 1866. St. James's.
2. Allow me to Explain ... Nov. 4, 1867. Prince of Wales's.
3. Highly Improbable ... Dec. 5, 1867. Royalty.
4. Harlequin Cock Robin and Jenny
Wren... ... Dec. 26, 1867. Lyceum.
5. La Vivandière; or, True to the
Corps ... Jan. 22, 1868. Queen's.
6. The Merry Zingara; or, the Topsy
Gipsy and the Pipsy Wipsy ... Mar. 21, 1868. Royalty.
7. Robert the Devil... ... Dec. 21, 1868. Gaiety.
8. No Cards ... Mar. 29, 1869. German Reed's Gallery.
9. The Pretty Druidess; or, the
Mother, the Maid, and the
Mistletoe Bough ... June 19, 1869. Charing Cross.
10. An Old Score ... July 19, 1869. Gaiety.
11. Ages Ago ... Nov. 22, 1869. German Reed's Gallery.
12. The Princess ... Jan. 10, 1870. Olympic.
13. Our Island Home ... June 28, 1870. German Reed's Gallery.
14. The Gentleman in Black ... May 26, 1870. Charing Cross.
15. The Palace of Truth ... Nov. 25, 1870. Haymarket.
16. Randall's Thumb... ... Jan. 25, 1871. Court.
17. A Sensation Novel ... Feb. 8, 1871. German Reed's Gallery.
18. Creatures of Impulse ... April 2, 1871. Court.
19. Great Expectations ... May 29, 1871. Court.
20. On Guard ... Nov. 6, 1871. Court.
21. Pygmalion and Galatea ... Dec. 4, 1871. Haymarket.
22. Thespis among the Olympians ... Dec. 26, 1871. Gaiety.
23. The Wicked World ... Jan. 5, 1873. Haymarket.
24. The Happy Land ... March 3, 1873. Court.
25. The Wedding March ... Nov. 19, 1873. Court.
26. Happy Arcadia ... — 1873. German Reed's Gallery.
27. Eyes and No Eyes ... — 1874. German Reed's Gallery.
28. Charity... ... Jan. 5, 1874. Haymarket.
29. Ought We to Visit Her ... Jan. 17, 1874. Royalty.
30. Topsyturvydom ... Mar. 23, 1874. Criterion.
31. Sweethearts ... Nov. 7, 1874. Prince of Wales's.
32. Trial by Jury ... Mar. 29, 1875. Royalty.
33. Tom Cobb ... April 24, 1875. St. James's.
34. Broken Hearts ... Dec. 8, 1875. Court.
35. Dan'l Druce... ... Sep. 11, 1876. Haymarket.
36. Princess Toto ... Oct. 2, 1876. Strand.
37. Engaged ... Oct. 3, 1877. Haymarket.
38. The Sorcerer ... Nov. 27, 1877. Opéra Comique.
39. Ne'er do Weel ... Feb. 25, 1878. Olympic.
40. The Vagabond ... Mar. 25, 1878. Olympic.

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|-------------------------|--------|-----------------|----------------|
| 41. Pinafore | | May 25, 1878. | Opéra Comique. |
| 42. Foggerty's Fairy | | — 1878. | Criterion. |
| 43. Gretchen | | Mar. 24, 1879. | Olympic. |
| 44. Pirates of Penzance | | April 3, 1880. | Opéra Comique. |
| 45. Patience | | April 23, 1881. | Opéra Comique. |
| 46. Iolanthe | | Nov. 25, 1882. | Savoy. |
| 47. Princess Ida | | Jan. 25, 1884. | Savoy. |
| 48. Claricè | | Jan. 26, 1884. | Lyceum. |

A formidable list, truly, representing a great mass of work of very different kinds and quality, and it must be evident that I can touch upon the different pieces, especially the earlier ones, but slightly. The first piece, *Dulcamara*, a burlesque of Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was undertaken through the recommendation of Tom Robertson. It was written and produced in a fortnight, and was completely successful. Contemporary criticism said of it that never was a display of native and unrestrained drollery made to better purpose. Not satisfied with cramming into his dialogue a mass of puns—some unequivocally good, some admirably bad—the writer took the most outrageous and amusing liberties with the plot. The following is a fair specimen of the puns. Gianetta retorts on Tomaso, who says she is the apple of his eye—

Of one of them—that's very likely, since

His apples are not pears.

TOMASO.

How so?

GIANETTA.

He's quince.

Several other productions of the same class followed in quick succession, all as successful as the first, containing outrageous puns, smooth and sparkling verse, but evidencing a deficiency in constructive skill which he has never been able to overcome. I confess I don't like these burlesques that seem to have no other purpose than to render ridiculous what is noble, heroic, beautiful, and are generally made up of halting, limping lines, bad rhymes, worse puns, nonsensical topical songs and allusions, break-downs, and general indecency; and although it was at the time noticed

that a finer spirit pervaded the work of Gilbert, yet it was impossible for him when engaged on work of this kind to do other than write down towards this bad level, and I am glad he didn't do so much of it. With regard to *Dulcamara* I may mention that the thing was produced in such a hurry that no bargain was made as to remuneration. When it had been produced, and was evidently a success, the manager asked Gilbert what he wanted. He thought he would ask enough, and suggested £30 for the London right. He imagined he noticed a shade of disappointment on the manager's face, who, however, paid the money and, having obtained the receipt, told him never again to take so little for so good a piece.

Once, and once only, Gilbert attempted a pantomime. It was produced at the Lyceum at the end of 1867, and tersely entitled *A gorgeous, gigantic, peculiarly original E. T. Smithical Pantomime, founded on a number of nursery rhymes not without reason, simply christened Harlequin Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, or Fortunatus, the Water of Life, the Three Bears, the Three Gifts, the Three Wishes, and the Little Man who woo'd the Little Maid*. E. T. Smith was lessee and manager, and the music was by W. H. Montgomery. In the *Era* almanack for 1884 Gilbert refers to the fact that he once wrote a pantomime, and continues: "It didn't succeed. It was not my fault. This is the history of a good many plays, written by a good many authors. It is seldom the author's fault when a play don't succeed. I know this to be a fact, because I have heard them say so." Further on he says that he wrote it in four days and got £60 for it—eventually; and he gives a droll account of the alarming alterations made in it by the stage manager, chiefly for the purpose of making scenes to fit a vast crystal fountain, bought to be the principal scenic effect; and he also comically describes the glorious general muddle on the night of production.

For German Reed, Gilbert has from time to time produced a number of sparkling little pieces, the names of which appear in the list I have given above, pieces which, as Gilbert remarks, have at least this claim upon the gratitude of playgoers—namely, that they served to introduce to the stage Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Corney Grain, Miss Leonora Braham, and Miss Fanny Holland, all of whom made their *début* in one or other of them.

The farce, *Allow Me to Explain*, and an "original impossibility," entitled *Highly Improbable*, which were not particularly remarkable, preceded the comedy drama, *An Old Score*, in which a hard-headed, plain, prosaic character, something like John Mildmay in *Still Waters Run Deep*, is placed in opposition to a sentimental gentlemanly scoundrel, who, however, is rewarded with a peerage instead of coming to grief as he ought to have done. There are some good points here and there, but Gilbert has not yet written a drama in the true sense of the word, and has not shown that he is likely to do so. The development of plot and character, and the management of incident necessary, seem beyond his powers, and it appears to me that his true line is what may be described as ironical comedy, and when we have done with the extravaganzas he is now engaged upon, of which, charming as they are, we have nearly had enough, I look to his doing some remarkable work in that direction. *Randall's Thumb* is another work of the same class, described in the burlesque sketch of the play which appeared in *Fun*, probably written by Gilbert himself, as a very loosely constructed and improbable play, the end of the last act being almost farcical. And in the same category may be placed *On Guard* and one or two other productions. A circumstance connected with the production of *An Old Score* is mentioned by Gilbert that it may serve as a hint to unacted authors. He says that as soon as he had written the piece

he had it set up in type—a proceeding that cost him exactly five guineas. He then sent a copy of it to Mr. Hollingshead, and within an hour it was read and accepted, and Mr. Hollingshead subsequently informed him that he read it at once *because it was printed (verb. sap.)*.

The Gentleman in Black, *Creatures of Impulse*, and *Princess Toto* were clever, fantastic, musical, and fairly successful pieces. Those who had the pleasure of seeing Kate Santley as Princess Toto, when the piece was first brought out at the Strand, will have the remembrance of a delightful performance. The part of this charmingly capricious, romantic, impulsive, and provokingly forgetful princess suited Miss Santley to a nicety, and she most completely entered into the spirit of the thing. The music by Frederic Clay was scholarly and original, some of the numbers were comically appropriate, but generally it was rather too serious and sentimental.

Great Expectations and *Ought We to Visit Her* were skilful adaptations from the novels by Dickens and Mrs. Edwardes, the permission of the authors, be it observed, being first obtained in each case. But, however skilfully the work may be done, adaptations of successful novels are rarely successful plays, and these were not more successful than the general run of such productions.

The Wedding March: An Eccentricity was an adaptation of the Palais Royal farce *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, F. Latour Tomline being announced as the author, the reason for the assumption of which *nom de plume* I don't know. In trying to adapt these farces English dramatists have often failed, and perhaps that may have been the cause. An adaptation of this very piece had been previously produced, under the title of *The Leghorn Bonnet*, at the Adelphi, where it was a failure. Gilbert's adaptation was a success, remarkable for its incessant movement and wild absurdities. In a note

of directions in the printed copy of the play, Gilbert says that the success of the piece depends principally upon the absence of exaggeration in dress and make up, and that the actors should rely for the fun of their parts on the most improbable things being done in the most earnest manner by persons of every-day life. Here, in Gilbert's own words, we have his chief discovery—the discovery that has brought him fame, and something he never loses sight of, namely, the unexpected utterance of absurdities by serious characters.

In *Topsyturvydom* Gilbert, as a matter of course, was thoroughly at home and amusing. The Bab Ballad "My Dream" seems to have been the foundation of the piece in the scene for which the chairs and tables were upside down at the top of the stage, and the chandelier rose from the boards.

The Palace of Truth was a new departure, but of a kind that might have been anticipated—a combination of poetry with the supernatural, which by most people had been deemed impossible for the stage. It is founded on *Le Palais de la Vérité*, a subject suggested to the author by Mr. Palgrave Simpson. In the Palace of Truth, everyone not possessed of a certain talisman must speak their inmost thought without knowing that they are uttering anything but what they would have uttered under ordinary conditions. There are inconsistencies here and there, but altogether it is really wonderful how cleverly the thing is worked out. As may be imagined there are endless opportunities for satire, which, it is needless to say, have been taken full advantage of. The way courtiers and would-be lovers are by themselves exposed is very rich; one scene in particular between Philamir and Azéma being something irresistible. This play is the key to much of Gilbert's most successful work. Very many of his characters live, move, and have their being in this imaginary palace, disclosing

their inmost souls, laying bare the baseness, meanness, selfishness, and hypocrisy of human nature, without being conscious thereof, and with apparent earnestness and sincerity; the quaint and original turn of Gilbert's peculiar paradoxical humour ensuring the success of an idea which perhaps no other writer of the day could do anything with.

Pygmalion and Galatea was the next play of a similar character, in which, however, it is to be regretted that Gilbert has thought fit to introduce the common-place element of jealousy on the part of the wife he gives to Pygmalion: and in one or two places, too, he scarcely escapes vulgarity—a sort of thing he is remarkably free from as a rule. Also, in the character of Galatea there are numerous inconsistencies; at one moment she is a woman of the world, at another a complete child, and sometimes neither the one nor the other. But the play in its entirety is a most enjoyable one, and there are many fine things in it; the speech, for instance, in which Galatea describes her awakening to life and love. The satire on weaknesses of womankind is in Gilbert's happiest vein, and very rich, too, in its way, is the fun poked at art patrons and critics. The originality of the play, the droll unctuousness of Buckstone as Chrysos, and the perfect rendering of Galatea by Madge Robertson, drew the town. Who that saw can forget the intellectuality of the conception, the fine elocution, the classic grace in motion and in pose of Madge Robertson. She was Galatea, a poem living and moving before our delighted eyes. How infinitely superior she was to two later representatives of the character, much photographed, sensationally advertised, and greatly overpraised—Mrs. Langtry and Miss Mary Anderson, between whom there is little to choose, relying, as both of them do, upon personal charms.

The Wicked World and *Broken Hearts* were two more poetical supernatural pieces. In the former Fairy-land is

turned topsy-turvy by the introduction of mortal love, which was previously unknown to the fairies, and afterwards, when mortal love is offered to them as a precious gift, they know better and won't have any. In the latter piece there is much less of the supernatural. Again mortal love causes much trouble, and the play, as a whole, is rather a melancholy one, somewhat slight in construction. The last four plays are in blank verse. Gilbert likes blank verse; I don't, that is to say Gilbert's. It becomes aggravating, irritating, when you read upwards of ten thousand lines of it as I have done. It is monotonously smooth, neither very good nor very bad, but sadly wanting in music. However there is something to be thankful for in that we have in Gilbert an author who does try to write something worthy of being read as well as played, which is more than we can say for the great majority of play writers.

It is not often we find an author burlesquing himself, but Gilbert, under the name of Tomline, in conjunction with Gilbert à Beckett burlesqued *The Wicked World* in *The Happy Land*, which is one of the severest satires imaginable upon the Government of that day. Three principal actors made themselves up to represent Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton, and the result was that after two or three performances the Lord Chamberlain interfered, compelled alterations to be made, and insisted that the actors should not make up their faces so as to resemble the statesmen in question. Of course all this made the thing a great success, the public ran after it, and after what had transpired were not likely to make any mistake as to what or who was meant notwithstanding the alterations. For his share in the libretto of this burlesque Gilbert received no less than £700.

Charity is a play in which Gilbert combats society's decree that a woman who has once made a slip shall never be

forgiven. The woman is finely drawn, but the remaining characters are simply absurd, and the plot is made up of utter improbabilities; so that, taking also into consideration the heterodox idea underlying the whole thing, no wonder it was a comparative failure.

With regard to *Sweethearts* I think I cannot do better than give a summary of what was said of it by the dramatic critic of *The Times*, who described it as "a thorough idyl, worthy of the Théâtre Français; a unique work, without plot or a typical character; not even containing two characters, but two phases in two lives, with an interval of thirty years between the traditional disagreement and the traditional reconciliation; a dramatic statement of complicated sentiments, and the subtlest of mental conflicts, and the most delicate *nuances* of emotion in graceful dialogue." Always shall I remember first seeing this charming piece given by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's, the play and the acting being about the most perfect dramatic treat I ever enjoyed.

In *Dan'l Druce* Gilbert came as near to writing a drama as ever he will do, I think. The betrayed husband, who withdraws himself from the world for his wife's sake, is a fine character, and the first act, which is founded on an incident in *Silas Marner*, is a capital piece of work. But the play is spoiled by the two acts succeeding, and especially by the stupidity of the climax at the conclusion. The finest bits in it are a speech by Dan'l Druce, where he dwells on his wrongs, and a charming love scene between Dorothy and Geoffrey Wynyard. An amusing character, too, is one Reuben Haines, a swaggering soldier, a sort of Ancient Pistol, who says of himself, on one occasion, that when he quarrels "sextons lay in tolling grease and grave diggers strip to their work," and whose conversation generally is of the quaintest description.

Engaged is an entertaining absurdity in which the characters seem all to be under the influence of the Palace of Truth, and avow greed, selfishness, and other base motives in the most unblushing, matter-of-fact manner. The dialogue is clever throughout, and abounds with characteristic touches; but the piece is too satirically cynical, too repulsively comical, there is no relief. Gilbert may have worshipped Dickens and Thackeray, but certainly he has not become like unto them in "tender-heartedness and soul."

Tom Cobb is a farcical comedy in which a man, having allowed himself to be announced as dead, finds great difficulty in coming to life again; and I consider it about the smartest and most consistently worked-out farce Gilbert has written. Generally it is difficult to make a selection from Gilbert's works that shall do them justice, and *Tom Cobb* is no exception to the rule. However, the beginning of the third act will give some idea of the whole, and I therefore venture to make the following extract:—

SCENE: *A drawing-room, shabbily furnished, in Mr. EFFINGHAM'S house.*

COBB is discovered smoking a pipe on balcony with CAROLINE. *The Effingham family is discovered grouped: Mrs. EFFINGHAM seated; Old EFFINGHAM leaning on her chair, with his arm round her neck; and BULSTRODE standing moodily behind. As curtain rises CAROLINE enters from balcony and throws herself at her mother's feet.*

Mrs. EFF. Where is your poet lover, Caroline?

CAR. I left him basking on the balcony in deep communion with his inner self.

Mrs. EFF. Ah, what a priceless destiny is yours, my babe—to live a lifetime in the eternal sunlight of his poet brain!

CAR. It is; but you shall share it—father—mother—brother—all! We will all share it away! I would not rob you of one ray that emanates from that divine face, for all the wealth of earth!

Mrs. EFF. My unselfish girl!

BUL. How nobly he looks when, sickened with the world, he turns his eyes inward to gaze upon his hidden self!

Mr. EFF. None but Apollo ever looked as he looks then.

CAR. Truly. Yet—shall I confess that when I saw him first my idiot heart sank deep within me, because, in the expression of his thoughts, I did not recognize Apollo's stamp?

BUL. Fie, Caroline! Would you have a poet carry his muse pick-a-back, for daws to pick at? Fie, Caroline—oh, fie!

Mrs. EFF. Some thoughts are too deep for utterance.

CAR. And some too precious. Why should he scatter such gems broadcast? My poet-warrior thinks them to himself.

BUL. He does. It is his weird and warlike way.

CAR. He comes. (*Rises.*) His fancy-flight has ended for the nonce. My soldier minstrel has returned to earth!

[TOM enters from balcony. CAROLINE goes to meet him, and brings him forward lovingly. His appearance is somewhat altered—he parts his hair in the centre and allows it to grow long; he wears a very low lie-down collar in order to look Byronic. CAROLINE throws herself at his feet, and Mr. and Mrs. EFFINGHAM cross and group themselves about him. Mrs. EFFINGHAM kneels, BULSTRODE standing moodily behind his mother.]

Mrs. EFF. Arthur, ennoble us. Raise us one step towards the Empyrean. Give us a Great Thought!

BUL. From the vast treasures of your poet brain we beg some spare small change.

TOM. Well, I really don't know; I haven't anything just now.

CAR. We are the bees and you the flower. We beg some honey for our little hives.

TOM (*with a desperate effort to be brilliant*). Talking of bees—(*all take out note-books and write down what follows*)—talking of bees, have you ever remarked how the busy little insect avails herself of the sunshine to gather her sweet harvest from—every opening flower?

Mr. EFF. (*writing*). We have, we have. How true to fact!

BUL. (*writing*). You said "her sweet harvest," I think?

TOM. Her sweet harvest.

BUL. (*writing*). Her sweet harvest. (*All shake their heads and sigh.*)

TOM. Her honey, you know.

BUL. Thank you. (*Sighs. All finish writing and put up their note-books.*)

Mrs. EFF. You are a close student of nature, sir.

TOM. Yes, I do a good deal in that way.

Mrs. EFF. How simple are his words, and yet what priceless pearls of thought lie encased beneath their outer crust!

TOM. Yes, I always wrap them in an outer crust to keep them from the cold. (*All take out note-books and write this down.*)

CAR. (*writing*). "He wraps them in an outer crust

To keep them from the cold!"

And once I sneered at these grand utterances just as we continually sneer at shapeless clods upon the road, which on inspection turn out to be jewelled bracelets of exceeding price!

TOM. Nothing more common. It's the old story. The superficial mind—(*all take out note-books and write*)—the superficial mind looks for cream upon the surface of the milk; but the profound philosopher dives down deep below. (*Aside.*) Much more of this and my mind will give way!

Mrs. EFF. You are a deep thinker, sir. I can fancy Shakspeare to have been such another.

CAR. Shakspeare ! Shakspeare never said anything like that. How—how do you do it ?

TOM. I don't know ; it comes. I shut my eyes and it comes. (*All shut their eyes and try.*)

CAR. I cannot do it. Ah, me ! I shall never learn to talk like that.

Mrs. EFF. Bulstrode, had you had communion with the major-general in earlier life he might have helped to shape your destiny to some nobler end.

BUL. No, it might not be. I am fated. Destiny has declared against me. Fettered to the desk of an obscure attorney, forced to imprison my soaring soul within the left-off garments of a father whose figure has but little in common with my own, who can wonder that my life is one protracted misfit ?

Mr. EFF. (*arising*). My boy, sneer not at those clothes. They have been worn for many, many years by a very old, but very upright man. Be proud of them. No sordid thought has ever lurked behind that waistcoat. That hat has never yet been doffed to vicious wealth. Those shoes have never yet walked into the parlours of the sinful.

Mrs. EFF. (*embracing him*). I am sure of that, Adolphus ; I am very, very sure of that.

BUL. It may be as you say. I *do* respect these clothes, but not even a father's eloquence can glaze over the damning fact that they are second hand ! (*Turns up and exit on to balcony as Mr. and Mrs. EFFINGHAM exeunt lovingly.*)

CAR. A blessing on him ! Is he not benevolent ?

TOM. Yes, he looks so. Why do benevolent people have such long hair ? Do they say to themselves, "I am a benevolent person, so I will let my hair grow," or do they let it grow because they are too benevolent to cut it off ?

CAR. There are thousands of such questions that appear at every turn to make us marvel at Nature's strange decrees. Let us not pry into these secrets. Let us rather inquire whether you have any chance of getting anything to do.

Foggerty's Fairy was another of Gilbert's quaint conceits, namely, the obliteration of a man's past and the substitution therefor of another set of events, the fun being in the confusion consequently ensuing. Originally written for Sothorn, who died before it could be brought out, Gilbert repurchased it from Sothorn's executors, intending that Toole should have it. However, ultimately Charles Wyndham produced the piece, but with all his go he could not make it go. Whether it was because there was no logical necessity for the substitution of events I have referred to, or because Gilbert too evidently repeated himself, or whether it was

too utterly improbable, I am unable to say, but certainly it was not a success. *Ne'er Do Weel*, brought out at the Olympic, in February, 1878, was another failure, its grotesque absurdities being too much for the public, so it was withdrawn and appeared a month later under the title of *The Vagabond*, the first and second acts having been altered and the third entirely rewritten, when it was more favourably received. With regard to the piece last mentioned, and others that have not been successful, it is curious to note how often the first act has been excellent, the second poor, and the third a failure, this illustrating what I have before remarked as to Gilbert's lack of constructive ability and sustained dramatic power. I have an impression somehow that he would do better to begin at the other end and work backwards, a method of writing it seems to me that he ought to be peculiarly qualified for.

Although *Gretchen* was one of Gilbert's most ambitious attempts, yet it was about his greatest failure, and deservedly so. His opinion was that Goethe's *Faust* was a philosophical treatise in dramatic form not intended for the stage, and consequently that it should not be altered for that purpose. That may or may not be a correct view—very likely it isn't—but at the same time Gilbert was not under any necessity to make the attempt to present the legend in an entirely new shape. The whole thing is a burlesque, and all the more a burlesque because of its evident seriousness. Faust, instead of being a man acquainted with all the world's wisdom and knowing there's nothing in it, is a wild young blade, who, having been disappointed in a very common love affair, goes into a monastery, and of course speedily wishes himself out of it; then calls on heaven, earth, or hell—it doesn't matter which—to help him out. Whereupon appears Mephisto, about the mildest, most good-natured, insignificant devil imaginable,

who tells him of Gretchen and acts as a marvellous hair restorer, but does not in consideration of his services exact anything whatever from Faust. Gretchen is a self-conscious, goody-goody sort of creature, who falls a victim to Faust's fine head of hair, and when she discovers that it isn't properly his own prefers to die. Of course the play failed. Here are a couple of verses relating to it, taken from a rather ill-natured skit upon Gilbert which appeared in *The Theatre*, July 1st, 1879:—

We'll take old Faust and Marguerite, add new words to the same,
And raise the Devil in five acts ! We'll call it if you please
The Catastrophic Gretchen or Lopped Mephistopheles.

The piece was written and produced with topsyturvies crammed,
But it had no novel ending : all concerned were duly damned
In the good old-fashioned first night customary British way —
And Jester Gilbert went unto the Devil with his play !

True enough, but spiteful. The writer of the verses, by the way, signs himself "Seraph," a name that strikes one as being slightly inappropriate if adopted as descriptive.

Clarice is a play written for Mary Anderson, representing an incident in the life of an actress of the *Comédie Française* during the Regency, and, but for a violation of historical fact, is well conceived, affording scope for display of dramatic power, to which, however, Mary Anderson is scarcely equal. The historical inaccuracy consists in making the Regent meet his death in a duel—about as stupid a blunder, for instance, as it would be for a French dramatic author to make Charles the First kill Cromwell. The play is founded upon a sketch, by Gilbert, entitled "Comedy and Tragedy," which appeared in Routledge's *Christmas Annual for 1880*. Here, however, it is the Duc de Richelieu and not the Regent who is killed. Why the change was made I cannot conceive, as it makes the thing all the more glaring. As a matter of fact, neither the Duc de Richelieu nor the Regent died in this way, and

there seems absolutely no reason for creating such a difficulty where any lord of high degree would have done. As an instance of Gilbert's business-like habits, I may mention that he puts a note to the sketch to the effect that the author has taken steps to reserve to himself the right of dramatizing the story. Mary Anderson at that time had not appeared in England, but doubtless he had conceived the idea of writing such a play for some distinguished actress; and though he has not been fortunate in the actress selected, the idea was a good one. Only the Bernhardt could play the part as it should be played.

The collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan is the most completely successful theatrical partnership of modern times. Alfred Cellier, Frederic Clay, and others had previously written music for Gilbert, but no one before Sullivan was found capable of composing music really fitting Gilbert's humour; and there can be no question that Sullivan's music does so to a marvel. It must not be forgotten though that prior to his connection with Gilbert, Sullivan had written some extremely taking music for F. C. Burnand, in *Cox and Box* and *The Contrabandista*. The first joint piece of Gilbert and Sullivan was called *Thespis among the Olympians*—a droll conceit of Gilbert's, in which Thespis and his troupe, lighting on Olympus, are entrusted with the management of affairs, and of course everything goes wrong. Jupiter neglects to turn off the rain; Apollo and Diana fall in love and will go out together; Bacchus is a teetotaler and won't tolerate anything stronger than ginger beer; so that altogether they make a nice mess of it. Toole took the leading character, and as he has only two notes in his voice, Sullivan had some difficulty in adapting the music to his limited capabilities, but successfully overcame it. The piece ran eighty nights. Next came *Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer*—pieces of delightful humour, with charmingly

appropriate music, which first brought to the front Rutland Barrington and George Grossmith, the latter being now, to repeat a joke in *Punch*, the G. G. who always draws. And here I may make the observation that from the first Gilbert has been remarkably fortunate in the cast of his pieces, by which circumstance I need scarcely say he has been helped considerably. By this I am reminded of a bit in *An Old Score*, where Mary is referring to Harold's unfavourable criticism on Mr. Cribb's comedy, which ran as follows :—

It is not to the point that the piece was badly played. The talent of an accomplished dramatist is shown in his power of rising superior to the insignificant accident of an incompetent company.

And Harold replies :

Yes. You see that's Cribb's piece. You don't understand these things. I am the editor of a satirical journal, and its power of satire must be allowed full play. If the company is good I abuse the piece ; if the piece is good I abuse the company.

MARY. But if both are good ?

HAR. The supposition's absurd—but if both are good I pitch into the degenerate audience. There I am safe. From the satirist's point of view the audience is always degenerate.

Here no doubt Gilbert speaks feelingly. He had previously said something of the same kind in *Fun*, at the beginning of 1864, namely, that

The British public only judge for themselves (1) on the first night of a new English opera, when everybody is encored in everything, and all the artists are called before the curtain at the end of each act, and Mr. Alfred Mellon has a conservatory full of bouquets shied at his respectable head ; nevertheless the opera is generally withdrawn in about a fortnight ; (2) on the first night of a new play, when they applaud everything, including jokes which the author himself never contemplated, and then afterwards—having been told by the critics that it is bad—hiss it off the stage and won't have it at any price.

Next were given us what are best described as the Bab Ballad Operas—*Pinafore*, *Pirates*, *Patience*, and *Iolanthe*—with which every one is familiar. In these productions Gilbert has economized his material, for every one of them is founded more or less upon the Bab Ballads. In *Pinafore* we have "Captain Reece," "The Martinet," "Joe Gollightly,"

"The Bum-Boat Woman's Story," and "General John;" in *Pirates* the idea of duty expressed by "Captain Reece;" in *Patience* "The Rival Curates;" and in *Iolanthe* "The Fairy Curate;" and it is really interesting to trace the working out of the old ideas in fresh forms. Indeed, he does so much of this sort of thing that one cannot but come to the conclusion that, after all, his good ideas are limited. Again and again one comes upon the same thought, and almost the same expression. However, he has a right to make the best of his capital, and what there is of it is undoubtedly capital. The Palace of Truth influence is also evident throughout, and Gilbert has most consistently and persistently worked his original discovery, which consists in making serious people say absurd things. Moral axioms are carried to extremest limits, with most ludicrous results, and the operas abound with oddest, quaintest, brightest fun, while through them all runs the golden thread of clever but good-humoured satire. In *Pinafore* is shown the absurdity of carrying consideration for inferiors too far; in *Pirates* it is made abundantly clear that people may have too high a sense of duty; *Patience* ridicules most effectively the æsthetic craze, while *Iolanthe* is an elaborate satire on the House of Lords. Gilbert's powers of versification and of rhyme are seen to the best advantage, his ingenuity in rhyme being particularly remarkable; take, for instance, the modern Major-General's song in *Pirates*. If Byron's rhyme to intellectual brought him fame, Gilbert is entitled to even greater fame, for he has done any quantity of rhyme fully equal to that. Added to all this is Sullivan's music, and it is difficult to say exactly what credit is due to each, but in my view Gilbert is the moving spirit of it all.

Princess Ida follows on the same lines, though it is not founded upon the *Bab Ballads*. First brought out as *The Princess*, it has been remodelled and set to music by

Sullivan, and I consider it the finest of the series. As every one knows, it is a travesty of Tennyson's curious medley, a work which is neither here nor there, neither a serious poem nor a burlesque. In Gilbert's hands the theme becomes exquisitely humorous; the assertion of the rights of woman and her overthrow are worked out with delightful ingenuity. The travesty of Tennyson is really perfect, neither too much nor too little, but just enough. And again I must express my admiration for Sullivan's music, which is all in such harmony that the whole might be the offspring of one hand and brain.

These pieces are marvels of picturesque stage management, the credit of which is also mainly due to Gilbert, for he sketches scenes, models properties, designs dresses, instructs and diligently drills the performers, and, if it comes to dancing, can teach the ballet. When *Princess Ida* was first produced at "The Savoy," he had the theatre closed three days, and was rehearsing the opera all the time, the last rehearsal only ending in the early morning. Of stage managers he is the most imperious and exacting; he insists upon having his own way absolutely and entirely, and possibly for that reason is not popular in the theatrical world. But there can be no doubt that his management produces the happiest results, and so long as that is the case he can afford to be, and probably is, indifferent to other considerations.

A word or two as to Gilbert's manner of writing and working. First he thinks over and moulds his story; then he sets it down in the shape of an anecdote; next he expands it to the length of an ordinary magazine article; the next steps are to divide it into skeleton acts and arrange the scenes, exits, and entrances; and finally the dialogue is written, that of the important scenes first. He likes to write on into the small hours of the morning, insists upon always

having perfect quiet, and smokes a dozen and a half cigars per day. He has double windows at "The Boltons" for the purpose of excluding every sound, but prefers to write on board his fine sea-going yacht, "The Pleione," being there perfectly safe from interruption. This altogether seems a sensible way of managing matters, and I would recommend authors generally to go and do likewise.

Gilbert is another proof of the saying that nothing succeeds like success. As evidence of this witness the recent successful revival of pieces which originally were not received with so much favour. But he has richly deserved his success, which cannot be said of all successful people. He has created a new English opera, delightfully fresh and pure and attractive, which has done much to displace the inanities and indecencies of late years presented to us as comic opera. He has written plays of a humour peculiarly his own, which he has educated the public to appreciate and enjoy ; plays of real literary merit, readable as well as actable, and altogether I consider him the most strikingly original playwright of the day, not, be it understood, as a writer of dramas, but as the author of ironical comedy. He is but eight and forty years of age ; he has, as I have shown, already accomplished a vast quantity of good work, and I confidently look forward to future performance which shall even exceed his past promise.





A CHRISTMAS SYMPOSIUM, 1884.

THE Christmas meeting of the Manchester Literary Club was held on Monday evening, December 15, 1884, at the Grand Hotel. There was a very large gathering of members and visitors. Mr. George Milner, the president of the Club, was in the chair, and the chief guest of the evening was Mr. Alexander Ireland. Other guests were Mr. H. J. Fairchild, Mr. Joseph Broome, Mr. A. K. Dyson, and Mr. C. Smith.

The Club Room, in which supper was served, was suitably decorated with laurel, holly, and mistletoe. Mr. J. C. Lockhart, apparelled as an ancient cook, brought the boar's head into the room whilst the old carol was sung. Mr. Charles Hardwick, according to custom, recited Eliza Cook's "Ode to Christmas," at the end of which Mr. John Page, noted as Father Christmas, made his appearance and was greeted with loud applause. The Wassail Bowl was at the same time borne into the room. During the evening Mr. Thomas Derby sang "The Mistletoe Bough," Mr. Frank Hollins "The Arethusa," and several musical pieces were given by

a party of singers under the leadership of Mr. Bannister. Mr. Edwin Waugh also gave the company a great treat by singing with much feeling his own beautiful song, "My Mary."

The PRESIDENT read the following letter dated December 14, which he had received from Mr. Thomas Read Wilkinson, who was unable through illness to attend the meeting:—

"I regret exceedingly that it is quite impossible for me to be with you on Monday evening as I am for the present confined to my bed, where I have been for the last ten days. I am glad, however, to say that I am improving steadily, and am sufficiently cheerful to be with you in spirit. The remembrance of past meetings is very pleasant, and I cannot refrain from telling you how much happiness in past years the Christmas festivities of the Club have given me. I am glad to see by the newspaper that our old friend, Mr. Ireland, is to be the guest of the evening. Greet the old boy very warmly from me. I am sure he will regret my absence. Dearest Edwin, too, I understand is to be with you. Bless his dear old heart. I see him before me, that sturdy, square-set frame, encased in garments vast and solid—which no doubt stand upright of themselves at night when he has extricated himself from them. The dear old boy generally carries a section of pine forest as a walking stick. I can hear him crooning those delightful songs with which some of us are so familiar. I suppose old Charles will be with you as usual on his favourite battlefield; and Page as rubicund as ever. Apart from the real work of the Club, which has been considerable, the past few years have brought to many of us who have met together much happiness both by sea and land, the memory of which we would not willingly let die; and I hope the future has many more such experiences in store for all of us."

Mr. GEORGE MILNER said: I have now to ask you to drink to that toast which is the toast of the evening—the health of Mr. Alexander Ireland. Good wine needs no bush, and I know that even without any words of commendation from me this toast is one which you will delight to honour. These Christmas Suppers of the Manchester Literary Club have now become historical. There was a time when the members gathered round a smaller board than this, and when the viands were of a character more distinctly Bohemian than those which we have seen before us to-night—when the one dish had a name from which the polite ear shrinks, and an odour which the modern exquisite affects to dread; but the spirit which prevailed was that which prevails to-day. We met then, as now, to perpetuate certain ancient customs—certain tributes to “Use and Wont” which help to keep the heart young—and to promote that good fellowship which is cemented and, in a sense, consecrated by the love of letters. For some years past our chief guest has been one or other of those pious founders of the Club who are yet extant and remaining among us. That brief list is now exhausted, and to-night we have in the post of honour one whom I am sure you will all regard as adequately and properly representative of that literary spirit which in no ordinary degree prevails in Manchester. I am not thinking now of the professional man of letters. We cannot expect to have these among us in great numbers—they gravitate towards London, it is their nature so to do, and we offer all reverence to those who loyally remain in our midst. I was referring rather to the kind of man of which the late Samuel Robinson—who passed away only a few days ago—was a salient example. What is the record which at ninety-one years of age he left behind him? It is that of one who was at once a practical manufacturer and an accomplished classic, whose opinions

on the Greek and Latin Languages were worth listening to; a translator of the German lyric poets; the author of a volume of *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*; a teacher of working men in the Sunday School and in the Evening Class; and, besides all this, a practical philanthropist and man of affairs in matters educational, sanitary, and political. Such men are the salt of what is called provincial society, and not unfrequently they make the life of the Provinces more vivid and more operative for good than even that of the Metropolis. It is in this connection and capacity that I ask you to honour our friend Mr. Alexander Ireland to-night.

Mr. Ireland, coming from Edinburgh—whence many good things have come—cast in his lot among us so long ago as the year 1843. In 1846 the *Manchester Examiner* was started, I think by John Bright, Dr. McKerrow, and Mr. Edward Watkin (now Sir Edward Watkin); and Mr. Ireland's known ability and business training led to his appointment as manager not many months after the paper was started. For five and thirty years he held that position. Editors came and went, but the manager remained; and when the history of Manchester and of Manchester opinion during times of critical movements comes to be written, the name of Alexander Ireland will occupy no inconspicuous place.

If from public life we turn to things purely literary, we find our friend occupying a place not only special, but unique. It has been Mr. Ireland's singular good fortune to meet, and, more or less, to become intimate with, many of our finest modern writers. Through him we younger men seem to touch those great spirits who are already of the past. It is indeed something to have still with us one who was the trusted and confidential friend of two such men as Emerson and Carlyle—men diverse, and as far asunder as the poles, though so often spoken of as congenital. It was

in 1833 that Mr. Ireland became, as it were unawares, an entertainer of the New England prophet. To him more than to anybody else we owe Emerson's second visit to Europe in 1847, and those phenomenal lectures which meant so much to the younger men of the time in Manchester—myself among the number. In this connection I should like to quote Carlyle's description of our friend. True Thomas seems to have taken an especial pleasure—a wicked pleasure—in hitting off the portraits of his acquaintances with a pencil much more caustic than flattering. Of all those who crossed his path from youth to old age, one might almost count upon the fingers of one hand the names of those who escaped his scathing and scornful condemnation. Mr. Ireland may therefore consider himself fortunate in finding his miniature painted by Carlyle in 1847 in no darker tints than these—"A solid, dark, broad, rather heavy man; full of energy and broad sagacity and practicability—ininitely well affected to the man Emerson, too." To this concise description I must add the picture, not less truthful though painted in warmer colours, which Emerson has left us in his book on England—

At the landing in Liverpool, I found my Manchester correspondent [Mr. Alexander Ireland] awaiting me, a gentleman whose kind reception was followed by a train of friendly and effective attentions which never rested while I remained in the country. A man of sense and of letters, the editor of a powerful local journal, he added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and *bonhomie*. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead.

Two other matters of literary interest I must just mention. It was Mr. Ireland who took Emerson to see Leigh Hunt, whom the former thought to be, along with De Quincey, the finest-mannered literary man he had met in England; and, recently, we have learned that our friend was one of four persons to whom the authorship of that famous book, the *Vestiges of Creation*, was confided; and

from his pen during the present year we have had, for the first time, the authentic story of its mysterious publication in 1844.

And not only has Mr. Ireland been an ever generous and helpful friend of authors, and the means of bringing to light important contributions to English literature, he has also been pre-eminently a lover of books, and has, besides, given us himself a few volumes which every book-lover will always cherish—the *Bibliography of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb*, the *Memoir and Recollections of Emerson*, and the dainty *Book-Lover's Enchiridion*.

Much more remains to be said and calls for saying, but time forbids. It is characteristic of the man and of his healthy tastes that in early life, as I have heard him tell, he transcribed from a borrowed copy the whole of that delightful English classic, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, that he might have the work in his own possession. William Chambers, another of Mr. Ireland's friends, tells us, in the *Story of his Life*, that "Ireland was an exquisite player on the German flute, and that his playing of some of the Scottish airs was particularly excellent." A man who loves the *History of Selborne* and plays upon the flute is pretty sure of a long life. I wish he had brought his flute with him to-night. I know he has no love for public speaking, and we might then have taken a tune instead of a speech. Mr. Waugh here would say—

A man who plays the flute right weel
Should never awse to dee.

May it be long before our friend *awses* to do anything so inconsiderate; and, in the meantime, we will apply to him those lines of the old poet, Samuel Daniel, which Mr. Ireland has applied to Emerson—may he

Look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil
Where all these storms of passion vainly beat

On flesh and blood ; where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

The toast was received with much cordiality.

Mr. ALEXANDER IRELAND in reply said : Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—For the honour you have done me in so cordially drinking my health, I am very grateful. To be thus received by the members of the Manchester Literary Club is a distinction very gratifying to me, and which I will always remember with pleasure.

My contributions to literature, to which your chairman and my good friend has done me the honour to refer, have been of a very humble kind. They might perhaps have been more important had my life-course taken a different direction ; but from my boyhood up to within a comparatively recent period I have been incessantly occupied in active business, with only brief snatches of time for literary pursuits. After a five years' curriculum of classical instruction at the old High School of Edinburgh, it was my lot, at the age of fifteen, to enter upon a very humble business career, and I was thus denied the advantage of academic training to which I had at one time looked forward. From that time onward there were few days in the year I could call my own, except Sundays, and these were hoarded with a miser's care. But the less leisure I had, the more I treasured what little came to me, the more concentrated was my enjoyment of it, and the more I tried to extract from it. On looking back over the last fifty-five years, and reviewing the results, it is my belief that I made a better use of these short intervals of leisure than if they had been longer. What you think you can do at any time,

while you are the possessor of an abundant stock of leisure, is often neglected or indefinitely postponed ; but in the midst of daily duties which cannot be put aside, which must be performed, whatever be the weather of your soul, you have a compensation in the secret delight of looking forward with assured certainty to the hours of uninterrupted leisure which are awaiting you when the week's work is over. Such hours often become the most rich and fruitful in our lives. And so it was in my case.

Let me here remark that, fortunately for me, in my earlier years, I enjoyed the privilege of intimate intercourse with one or two men, a few years ahead of me in age, possessing remarkable gifts, intellectual and moral—men of cultivated and refined tastes, and wide sympathies, from whose company I never retired without feeling that the better part of my own nature was stimulated, my views on all subjects widened and enlarged, and my inner and outer world made brighter by the contact. These friendships exercised an abiding influence upon me, caused me more patiently to endure what was hard and uncongenial in my lot, and helped "to cast a sunshine in the shady place." The recollection of these friendships has been and will always be an ever-present blessing which I would not barter for anything the world has to give. And now, having disposed of the strictly personal element, let me turn to something more important.

I should like to say a few words connected with literature, but the subject is one so wide and far-reaching and capable of so much illustration, that it is better to take some special aspect of it, and say a few words upon that, than to give utterance to vague generalities which you might perhaps justly characterize as truisms or platitudes. What I wish to direct your special attention to is the cheapness and attainableness of good literature in these days, as compared with the time when I and some of those around me

were young men. This may appear very obvious, and scarcely necessary to remind you of, but nevertheless it is a great fact to be thought of frequently and dwelt upon, and its importance realized and brought home to us. Only regard it closely. Forty years ago the facilities for reading books were small compared with what they now are. There were then no Free Reference Libraries open to all, no Free Lending Libraries; and the circulating libraries which then existed were principally used by a few persons of the upper and middle classes. In the large towns there were libraries connected with Mechanics' Institutions and establishments of a like kind, but only members of these institutions had access to them. Books, as a rule, were dear, and unattainable by persons of limited means. All this is now changed. The records of the Free Libraries show the extent to which they are taken advantage of, and the publishers' lists indicate the enormous increase of new publications as well as of cheap reprints of standard literature. The taste for and habit of reading is vastly multiplied, and, thanks to the establishment of School Boards, is certain to go on steadily increasing, attended by the most beneficent consequences,—improved manners, more refined tastes, more self-respect, and a readier self-help. Then there has come into operation within the last thirty years another power of incalculable importance as a civilizing agent, I mean the cheap daily press, which was only made possible by the abolition of the compulsory stamp and the paper duty—two reforms which the country owes mainly to the enlightened efforts of four men, three of whom were connected with this district—I mean Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, and Milner Gibson, upon whose heads be all blessings and honour for this special service to their countrymen. There was another earnest friend of progress whose long-continued and indefatigable labour in connection with the movement for the emancipation of the press

from its fiscal fetters ought not to be forgotten—I mean Dr. John Watts, our esteemed townsman.

The effects produced by this agent of civilization and culture are of deep significance and far-reaching in their consequences—almost beyond our computation. By virtue of the swiftly-moving steam-press capable of throwing off, by the aid of stereotyping, twenty, thirty, or fifty thousand copies an hour of an eight-page newspaper, and by the almost magical action of the electric telegraph, we are kept informed, from hour to hour, of every important event that happens in any part of the civilized world; while the comments on all that happens in the domains of politics, social life, literature, art, and science cause us to take an interest in what is going on in the world, and exercise upon us a constant educational discipline. This theme alone would afford me scope for much comment, but I must be content merely to allude to it and pass on.

Now, think what the cheapness of good literature brings within the reach of the humblest class! A youth with a very moderate salary—say a warehouse-clerk or shop-assistant—or an artizan with fair wages, if he is of frugal and sober habits and has a taste for reading, need not be without a small collection of books which he can call his own—books of standard merit—nay, of imperishable renown. He may have on his little shelf his *Robinson Crusoe*, his *Pilgrim's Progress*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, his *Arabian Nights*, his *Shakspeare*, *Milton*, *Cowper*, *Burns*, *Wordsworth*, *Longfellow*, and *Tennyson*; and if he is of a scientific turn, he can have a number of excellent text-books. And he can be the possessor of all this for a sum not exceeding that which his fellow-clerk or fellow-workman, with tastes of an opposite kind, will spend upon beer and tobacco in twelve months. And if my imaginary clerk or artizan continues to practise self-denial, and perseveres in his course of self-

respecting economy, he may in another year, in addition to the works I have named, become the possessor of the entire novels of Scott and Dickens and the complete works of Thomas Carlyle. I have worked out the figures, and can show that by a saving of little over two shillings a week for a single year this can be done. To one who has been all the day engaged in monotonous work there is nothing so refreshing as to read an entertaining or instructive book, always supposing that a taste for reading exists. It calls for no bodily exertion ; it relieves the humble lodging or home from dullness and loneliness, and furnishes its occupant with another world to live in for a few hours, transporting him for the time to livelier scenes ; in this way insensibly, but surely, ministering to the elevation of his mind and to the refinement of his whole nature. Thus noble and worthy emotions are awakened, earnest aspiration is kindled, and the inner and finer feelings are touched. The best of company, in fact, is for the time his. Whenever he likes, he may have for his intimates the best men and women the earth ever produced. The choicest spirits of the race are ready to entertain and instruct him.

When Thomas Carlyle was a hard-working teacher in the town of Kirkcaldy in his youthful days, drudging for seven and eight hours a day in an occupation which was utterly uncongenial to him, and looking anxiously into the blank future with hopeless sadness, not knowing in the least in what direction he should turn to make his living, we find him giving utterance to the following beautiful tribute to the solace he found in books. This tribute occurs in a letter to a struggling fellow-student, but you will not find it in Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle* :—

Excepting one or two individuals I have little or no society, but books are my ready and effectual resource. May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnician, or whoever it was that invented books ! I may not detain you with the praises of an art that carries the voice of man to the extremity of the

earth and to the latest generations ; but it is lawful for the solitary wight to express the love he feels for those companions, so stedfast and unpresuming, that go or come without reluctance, and that, when his fellow-mortals are proud, or stupid, or peevish, are ever ready to cheer the languor of his soul and gild the barrenness of life with the treasures of bygone ages.

Has not this the ring of the true metal? I could detain you the whole evening with tributes of a similar kind to the beneficent influence of literature, and to the solace and comfort which books afford in every variety of circumstance or fortune. There is one so touching in its tone, so modest, and so delicately expressed that I cannot refrain from reading it to you. It is from the pen of Leigh Hunt, one of the most genial of our essayists and critics, too little known by the present generation of readers. Hunt was a genuine man of letters and a keen relisher of books. He had the most catholic tastes in literature, and was in sympathy with every variety of literary excellence. His refined critical power, wide culture, and subtle perception of beauty, made him one of the best interpreters of our great poets and dramatists. Throughout a long and anxious life, with straitened means and many cares, he maintained his cheerfulness and belief in good, and found a perennial solace in books and literature, and cherished to the last enlightened hopes for the future of humanity. Here is the tribute I refer to:—

How pleasant it is to reflect that the greatest lovers of books have themselves become books ! May I hope to become the meanest of these existences ? I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more. At all events, nothing, while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die ; and, perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some great day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

It was with unexpected pleasure that I lately became acquainted with a fine tribute to Leigh Hunt from a

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welcome quarter. The Hon. James Russell Lowell, the present distinguished United States ambassador to England, was lately unveiling a memorial bust to the memory of our great novelist, Henry Fielding. In the course of his address he said—

I possess a copy of *Tom Jones*, the margins of which are crowded with the admiring comments of Leigh Hunt, one of the purest minded men that ever lived, and a critic whose subtlety of discrimination and whose soundness of judgment, supported as it was on a broad basis of truly liberal scholarship, have hardly yet met with fitting appreciation.

Such a tribute, so true and so terse, from Mr. Lowell—himself the most distinguished living American humorist, critic, essayist, and poet—is peculiarly gratifying.

And now to conclude : One of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to literature and its beneficent influence is that enshrined in two of Wordsworth's sonnets which, for poetic fervour and noble simplicity of language, are, in my opinion, unsurpassed. Let me endeavour to recite them to you and then I will sit down.

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good :
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store ;
Matter wherein right voluble I am :
To which I listen with a ready ear ;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine ; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking ; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not ; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought :

And thus from day to day my little Boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on Earth have made us Heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

The remaining toasts were "The Memory of Dr. Johnson," which was proposed by Mr. W. E. A. Axon ; and "The Guests," proposed by Mr. Waugh, and responded to by Mr. H. J. Fairchild and Mr. C. Smith, two American gentlemen, resident in Manchester.





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JUST once a year one's thoughts go back
To bygone days and missing faces,
And, stealing slowly down the track,
Pass once again the awkward places :
If *this* had been, or *that* had not,
Then ev'ry burden had been light ;
There's something gone, you know not what,
But with it all the world were bright.

Perchance a friend has faithless grown,—
The dross must needs have time to settle,—
Be glad the baser coin has shown,
And value more the truer metal :
But faithful friends, alas, are few,
And for a while your eyes grow dim—
To think of all he was to you,
And all you might have been to him !

Vain, vain regrets, scarce worth a sigh !
Of what avail are plaints and weeping ?
E'en as we grieve, fresh joys go by,
The wedding-morning finds us sleeping :
Rouse up, faint heart ! away with care !
Drown Grief and all the pest of it ;
The world is still exceeding fair,
'Twere well to make the best of it.

January 1st, 1885.

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This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to. — See *The Times*, July 13th, 1884.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY. GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "A DOSE COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

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